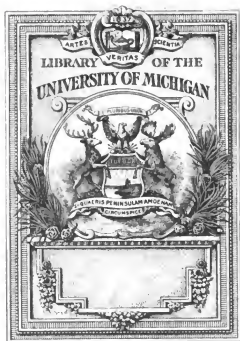


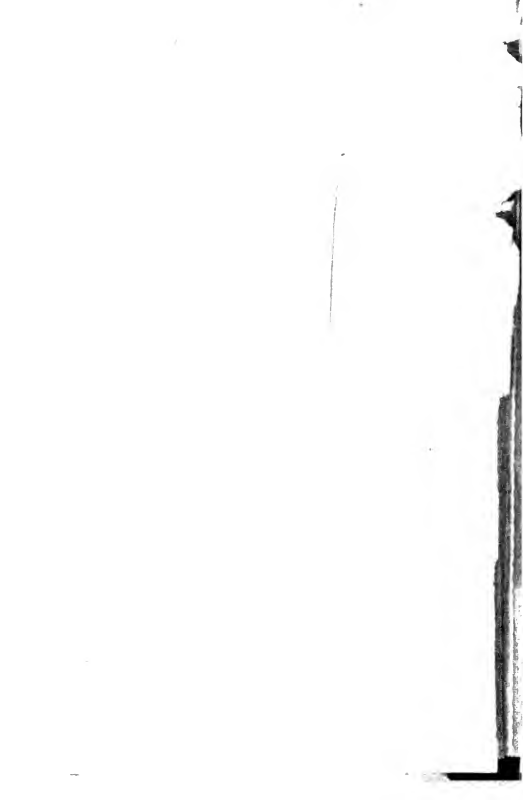


# *Captain Myles Standish*

Tudor Jenks



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**CAPTAIN  
MYLES STANDISH**



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH



# CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH

BY  
TUDOR JENKS  
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH"



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MYLES STANDISH



THE STANDISH MONUMENT

# MYLES STANDISH

## THE PILGRIMS' CAPTAIN

### CHAPTER I

#### THE ENGLAND OF THE PILGRIMS

MYLES STANDISH remains in many respects an unexplained figure among the founders of New England. While he was faithful, loyal, zealous, a brave soldier and a true comrade to his fellow-voyagers in the *Mayflower*, there is nothing to connect him with their religious views or practices. He was not a member of their church, though he attended their services and held various positions of trust in the colony. What were his religious views is not certain; but that he was respected, revered, and beloved cannot be doubted.

He came of excellent family, one of those families that made the strength of the England of



Elizabeth; and, transplanted by the folly of King James, that same strength has become the bone and sinew of our own country, attracting to itself like sound material, as healthy tissue draws from the blood the elements necessary to its growth and nourishment. England's loss was our great gain.

Had we been able to make a tour through England at any time during the early life of Myles Standish, we would have been surprised by many things, great and small. But chiefly, perhaps, we would have been impressed by the contrast between the lives of the nobles and of the common people, between rich and poor. The rich subjects of Elizabeth were restrained by no fashion of simplicity. They tried to outdo one another in gorgeous attire. Silks and satins, laces, gold and silver, jewels, were worn by men as well as women, and the greatest of the Queen's statesmen, warriors, merchants tricked themselves out in costumes so gay that a modern dandy would blush to wear one as gaudy at a masquerade. The great Sir Walter Raleigh wore upon his shoes gems worth thousands of pounds, and his portrait shows hanging from his ears great pearl earrings that would to-day seem ostentatious in a barbarian queen. Embroideries, starched ruffs,

gold chains, stuffed doublets, fanciful buttons—all were eagerly sought by men of weight and serious lives, and Queen Elizabeth went bedizened and painted like an ornament for a Christmas tree.

As for people of the middle class, the less prosperous merchants, the sea-captains, the shopkeepers, in easy circumstances, they of course followed at a distance the lead of the nobles, being sometimes restrained by law from the use of certain rich materials reserved for the higher classes.

The same extravagance of taste ruled in all the affairs of those who could afford to do as they pleased. Great men traveled surrounded by bands of retainers and footmen; they filled their luxurious homes with attendants, and all their affairs were carried on with ostentatious extravagance and display.

The poor, on the contrary, were as far below modern ideas of comfort as the nobles were beyond modern ideas of good taste. Their houses were scarcely furnished. They slept upon straw ticks at best, wore their clothes threadbare, had little variety of food, and had no more comfort than is to be found now in the roughest settlement on the outskirts of civilization.

There were, of course, only open fires of wood for heating the poorer class of dwellings, and winter was a time of severe suffering in city or town. Windows were made small except in the best dwellings or public buildings, for glass was a luxury. Panes of horn, lattice-work, or shutters were the means for protecting these openings, and heavy clothing was the main reliance for warmth. Vegetables were not eaten so commonly as now, the usual food being meat and bread, the meat in winter being smoked or salted to preserve it. Few people took more than the lightest of meals on rising—eggs, or a bit of bread with a drink of ale, perhaps—and there were two main meals a day. Dinner was taken early in the day, and there was a supper toward evening, both being accompanied by the usual drinks of ale or wine, and being eaten in silence, according to some authorities, though one may doubt this. Forks were unknown except as curiosities, the knife, a bit of bread, or a napkin serving all purposes.

Indoor life was marked by an elaborate ceremony and formality among the rich and fashionable, by a roughness and untidiness shocking to modern ideas among the common people. Out-

door life showed a similar difference between the classes. Among the nobles were still existing the sports and amusements that had come from the feudal days, the pursuits of the knights and ladies in the times of chivalry. There were jousts and tournaments, horse-riding for pleasure or display, hawking, picnicking outings on the rivers or in the fields. For the gentlemen of the time there were the theaters, but the playhouses were not yet considered fit for the presence of ladies. Those ladies who went to witness the rough dramas of the day went masked, or were such as cared little for their reputations. Yet there were entertainments given in the churches or the public places, plays of an instructive or moral nature, and these were witnessed by people of all classes.

The common people found their pleasure in rough outdoor games, such as prisoners'-base or nine-men's morrice, in the sports of May day, when village people danced about flower-decked poles on their greens, drank more ale than usual, and often disgraced themselves by conduct repented of when sober. The men were fond of wrestling-bouts, of fighting with the quarter-staff, of "grinning through horse-collars," and all the boisterous buffoonery of their country

fairs, such as the chasing of greased pigs, the climbing of tall masts for hams or flitches of bacon, the dancing of jigs, and the running of races.

Archery, though still practised, was losing popularity. There were several kinds of guns used in warfare, some being big and requiring two men for their discharge, and others being lighter, for the use of one soldier; and, as gunpowder came into wider use, the bow lost attractiveness, though it was still employed in hunting, and wise men like Roger Ascham, the tutor of Elizabeth and of Lady Jane Grey, tried to keep alive national pride in the long-bow.

Cock-fighting, bull-baiting and bear-baiting by dogs, the drawing of badgers, and similar brutalities were very popular among the coarser people, and proved that they were not yet so civilized as to be pained by the sight of suffering. Street brawls were not uncommon, and the city crowds were easily led into persecuting such unfortunates as excited their anger or derision. They pelted the offenders who were put into the pillory or stocks; showed little mercy to "scolds," or to tradesmen punished for frauds or the adulteration of foods; were eager to see the sufferings

of "witches" and heretics; and, when led by religious or political prejudices or moved by superstition, were little better than savages.

What enlightenment there was among the uneducated was found in the score or more of walled cities, where a certain education or training of the faculties came from the human intercourse of the throngs of citizens. Once outside the walls, one rode over ill-kept roadways that were little more than blind trails, through wild districts of uncultivated fields, or threaded even more uncertainly the dim forest paths that were dreaded for the real dangers of highwaymen or the imagined terrors of superstition. There were no ways of transporting goods save pack-animals, no regular means of sending any except royal letters. Private messages went by haphazard hands, even by those of professional beggars, or awaited the fortunate journey of a friend. Except for a few inns on frequented roads, the traveler had little chance of finding any regular lodging; for the great religious houses—with their hospitality and their alms-giving—had been destroyed in the days of Henry VIII, and their inmates were banished or in hiding with some of the old Catholic families.

Even the army and navy were in what would

now be considered a scandalous state of shiftless carelessness. The soldiers were militia, the ordinary citizens and countrymen, called without any proper preparation to be what *Falstaff* called "food for powder"; and the brave sailors who had been England's salvation and were her safeguard, were more beholden to privateering for their livelihood than to the government for any encouragement.

Business of all sorts suffered from restraints. Favored courtiers held from the crown monopolies to deal in all the most profitable commodities, and royal interference was invited, wherever there seemed an opportunity for gain in restricting trade, by guilds or by companies.

But these English people had many sterling qualities. They were courageous, persistent, frank, kindly, and honest. They were eager to learn about everything, believed in the education of their children, and were intensely patriotic if not always loyal to a particular government. They were industrious and thrifty, and believed in making England independent of other nations.

As to their general intelligence, it was devoted to practical matters. The Fine Arts were hardly understood, though the nobles were learning that

there was such a thing as portrait-painting, could appreciate a stately building after an architect had constructed it, and a few of the more refined Englishmen had seen sculptures and paintings in Italy and France. As to science, it was in its infancy despite what had been done by such a pioneer as Roger Bacon three centuries earlier, and what was to be done in the near future by such workers as Gilbert, Francis Bacon, and Harvey. Medicine was a mixture of astrology and old wives' charms; farming went by rule of thumb; mining was a haphazard pursuit; chemistry had yet to escape from the hands of magicians and fortune-tellers; in short, knowledge needed to be sifted from mere guesswork, and the art of experiment still lacked system.

In literature, there is another story to tell. It was the age of Shakspeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Dekker; and if there is a greater literature than theirs, we have yet to see its beginnings, though we have many forms of writing for which they had no need.

In Theology it was a time of transition. The power of the papacy had been shaken off, and there was a conflict between two parties who were seeking results directly opposite to each other.



Some, who felt the church government should be imposed upon the people from above, desired to retain from the old forms all that was good while rejecting what was outworn or distinctly papistical. Others looked upon the rejection of papist forms and ceremonies as being only a step toward a complete separation between the spiritual side of religion and its corruptions. The first of these parties wished an Anglican church, governed by the state, presided over by the Queen, and retaining the church's historic form, while rejecting the domination of the Pope. The second party saw no good in any forms or ceremonies, desired to cut from the church all that had grown upon it since the days of the Acts of the Apostles, and looked to the Bible as the one authority upon all questions of belief, practice, or usage.

Naturally, the government supported the more conservative party, and tried to discourage the destructive radicals; and in the next chapter we shall try to show the course of the struggle between these main bodies of Protestants—the regular church party and the Puritans—and to show that the “Pilgrims” were opposed to both, and persecuted by both.

In politics, this was the age of England's rise

to power. The destruction of Spain's Great Armada took place when Standish was about four or five years old; henceforth the English ships ranged the world's waterways as masters. The defeat of Spain put England at the head of the nations, and she held her leadership by lending aid to the Protestants in Europe, and thus keeping the Catholic powers busy in their own affairs. Young Englishmen crowded into the Netherlands to help the Dutch against the Catholic Spanish, or fought with Henry of Navarre, supporting the Huguenots against the French Catholics.

To interfere with the Spanish mines in America, to capture richly laden galleons, bringing wealth from the East or West Indies, was not only to aid England against her strongest foe, but was as profitable as it was patriotic.

In the Netherlands fought Captain John Smith and Myles Standish with many another adventurous, fortune-seeking Englishman; and when Smith founded Jamestown and Virginia, and Myles Standish with sword and musket conducted the warfare of the Pilgrims, both were in a way fighting against their old enemy Spain, Catholic Spain, just as they had done in the ranks of the Dutch armies. Both meant to remain subjects of

the English sovereign, and neither could foresee that they were founding an independent nation.

We have briefly taken up a few of the main characteristics of Elizabethan England only that we may not think of the Pilgrims and of their soldier associate as being in thought or training like those we see about us to-day; for to read of them understandingly, we must remember them as Elizabethans.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SEPARATISTS—THEIR ESCAPE TO HOLLAND— THE STANDISH FAMILY

**D**URING the youth of Standish the religious state of England was one of change and confusion. This resulted from so many causes, and causes so difficult to understand without careful study of English church history, that we must content ourselves with a very brief statement of the case.

After the conflict between the King and the Pope, resulting in a claim of complete independence for England in all church matters, there were three chief parties in the English church. The first of these wished to make as little change as possible, only rejecting the Romanist practices; the second wished to reform the church in accord with their view of what the early Christian churches had been; the third party wished to change the whole system of church government,

to make each body of believers the sole judges of what was for them the rightful belief and worship.

It is convenient to use the names history has given these three parties. The first class were the Anglicans or Conformists; the second class included the Puritans and the Presbyterians; the third were the Nonconformists or Separatists.

Naturally, the Queen and her followers favored the Anglicans, did their best to conciliate the second and to bring them into complete agreement, and regarded the Separatists as enemies to both church and state. In 1593 an act was passed banishing from the kingdom those who refused to attend church or attended unauthorized meetings.

This at once divided the first two classes from the third; many Puritans and Presbyterians became Conformists while hoping for a better time for bringing about their reform. The Separatists (sometimes called also Independents, or Brownists, after one of their early leaders) were also compelled to decide between obeying the law or becoming subject to punishment.

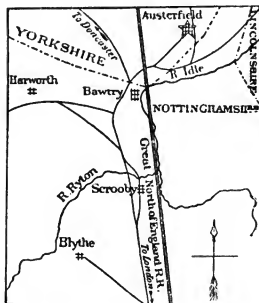
One party of Separatists betook themselves to Holland, and there established churches which

speedily became divided one from another in regard to questions of doctrine or government. Others remained at home, and, defying the law, held meetings in private houses. They were arrested continually, fined, and often imprisoned. The prisons of the time were in a wretched state of filth and neglect. Jailers were of the lowest character, and often stole part of the food brought by prisoners' friends. Men and women could not easily survive the hardships of prison life, and many died or were released in a dying condition. Some were executed.

In 1603, James I succeeded Elizabeth, and it was hoped he would be more tolerant, since Scotland was a land of the Presbyterians. But these hopes of better times were quickly disappointed by the account of a meeting he held at Hampton Court in 1604. There were at the conference eleven Anglicans, nine being bishops, and four Puritans who came to represent eight hundred and twenty-five clergymen, petitioners for reform in the church. Eggleston, in his "Beginners of a Nation," says: "The Puritans were no more able to answer the arguments of the King than was Æsop's lamb to make reply to the wolf." The King "rather used upbraiding than argument,"

and "bade the Puritans away with their sniveling."

Such being his reception of Puritanism, the Independents knew that their more extreme



SCROOBY AND AUSTERFIELD

views would be even less to the King's liking, and they found themselves the objects of the severest persecutions. There was in England when James came to the throne only one well-organized body of these people, for the greater part of them had been banished or suppressed.

This little congregation was made up of persons living mainly in three towns, Gainsborough, Scrooby, and Austerfield. In 1605 and 1606, the church at Gainsborough, the congregation of John Smyth, fled to Holland, where there was religious freedom, leaving in Scrooby and Austerfield a remnant who were to become the Pilgrims of Plymouth.

These men met in the house of William Brewster. He had been educated at Cambridge, then became clerk to William Davison, Secretary of State under Elizabeth, and was by him made an intimate friend, accompanying him on a mission to Holland when England lent money to the Dutch. Davison became Elizabeth's scapegoat for the execution of Mary Stuart, was fined and imprisoned in the Tower, and Brewster retired to his home in the country, where he aided his father in maintaining the "post," a government station for hiring horses to travelers, and for forwarding official letters. Brewster's residence was an old manor-house long occupied by the archbishops of York, and was well fitted for the holding of their services, since it was surrounded by a moat, and thus safe against surprise by officers of the law. The old manor-house had once



known distinguished guests, entertaining King Henry VIII in 1541, and receiving Cardinal Wolsey in the last year of his life; but after the town



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR (IN PILGRIM HALL,  
PLYMOUTH, MASS.)

lost importance the house was taken down, and only the line of its moat remains to show where it stood.

After the Gainsborough congregation had fled, Brewster became a zealous supporter of those who remained in England. He was about forty

years old, a man of learning and force, and had had considerable experience of the world. He did his best to see that good clergymen were in charge of the parishes round his home, and gave freely to help support poor churches.

Brewster himself on Sundays was accustomed to walk from Scrooby to Babworth to hear the preaching of Richard Clifton; and in these Sunday walks he was often accompanied by a young friend from Austerfield, William Bradford, who was some twenty years his junior. This young Bradford was an orphan with some property, who had been brought up by his grandparents and uncles. He had not been strong in early youth, and was a serious-minded young fellow who was deeply impressed by Brewster's example and by the preaching of Clifton; and when the persecution of Scrooby Puritans by the church authorities caused Brewster to become a Separatist, young Bradford also adopted the same views.

A number of sympathizers were gathered, and the preacher Clifton, having been turned out of the church at Babworth, became their leader, and preached to them in Brewster's home at Scrooby. As assistant to Clifton came John Robinson, another nonconforming clergyman, and a man of

great abilities, and thus an Independent church began, and was supported by Brewster, "making provision for them to his great charge," that is, providing food for the men and care for their horses, for all those coming from any distance of course traveled on horseback over the narrow and ill-kept roads, and needed rest and refreshment.

The region round Scrooby was a rich pastoral district through which flowed the little, slow-moving Idle River. Here lay the small towns from which came the worshipers in the old manor-house. In later years pilgrims from America have sought such relics of the old times as still remained, but have found little save a few timbers from the manor-house, and the old stone font of Austerfield church from which Bradford was baptized. This font, rescued from an old lady's poultry-yard, was given as a valued souvenir to a Chicago church.

The congregation did not dare meet always in the same place, but by going quietly about their worship and having services in different houses, they contrived for a year or so to maintain their church, in spite of informers and the courts of the law or interference of the church authorities.

But, as we are told in the history that Bradford

wrote later, "they were hunted and persecuted on every side so as their former afflictions were but as molehills to mountains," and thus were led to the resolution of following their former companions or fellow-believers to Holland. They had no idea that life in Holland would be easy. Bradford says it "was thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death."

It was not the simplest part in their enterprise to escape from England. The laws forbade it, and they were compelled to smuggle themselves across the sea by bribing sailors to disobey the laws. Thus one party made plans to sail from Boston, England, and Brewster made arrangements with the captain of a vessel. The emigrants sold what they could, packed up the merest necessities, and about October, 1607, with their women and children rode the forty miles into Boston town, abandoning their homes.

The captain, having kept them waiting for him, thus compelling them to draw upon their savings, at length took them aboard at night, and secretly sent for the officers to arrest these fugitives from "justice." This (Bradford tells us) was the captain's purpose from the beginning. The passen-

gers and their baggage were bundled into open boats, and on the way back were searched brutally, both men and women, for money and valuables.

A month's imprisonment followed, and then most were dismissed, only seven leaders being held for trial. Whether these sufferers were the Scrooby pilgrims is not certain; Bradford tells the story to show the difficulty of getting away.

But Bradford was with the next party of whose troubles we read in his history. These were to be picked up, by the Dutch vessel they had hired, from a large common near the mouth of the Humber River. The women and children were sent on ahead in a bark, and arrived before the ship. The rough water made them seasick, and they begged the sailors to enter a little creek and ground the bark to keep it from rolling. When next morning the ship came, the bark was aground, and could not stir. The men of the party came during the night. First the ship-captain sent his boat for the men, but had hardly got them aboard when he saw soldiers coming to take the emigrants. The frightened Dutchman set sail, carrying off a few of the men, and leaving the women, children, and baggage to the mercy of the soldiers and law

officers. The vessel ran into a terrible storm and for many days was in danger of foundering.

At length they found themselves near the coast of Norway, fourteen days after leaving England, and it was not long before they were landed in Holland, and were joined by their fellows, who emigrated in small parties as they could get away, the last arriving probably some time in the summer of 1608.

As we know nothing of Myles Standish's companionship with the Pilgrims until we find him setting sail with them in the *Mayflower* in 1620, we must not go into particulars about the life of the Pilgrim emigrants in Holland, though that sojourn lasted eleven years. We shall briefly notice only the more important facts, and recall the reasons that led to the transfer of their fortunes to America, avoiding detail until we reach those adventures in which Captain Standish took an active part.

The Pilgrims settled first in Amsterdam, where there were two other congregations of Separatists, one banished from London fifteen years before, the other their old Gainsborough friends. But in less than ten months the Pilgrims found they must leave Amsterdam if they did not wish

to be involved in the disputes and rivalries of these other bands of Separatists, and in May, 1609, traveling by the canals, they removed to Leyden, then the second city in Holland. There were at this time about one hundred of the Scrooby refugees.

Amsterdam was a great seaport, Leyden a manufacturing city, and having lost their property, the men took up whatever trades they could learn, becoming makers of cloth, weavers, brewers, hatters—whatever would help to support them. William Brewster at first taught the English language, having to write his own grammar, but subsequently became a printer and issued many books about the new faith, sending them to England. A few of these books may be seen in Plymouth, Massachusetts. These publications caused the English government to seek Brewster's arrest, but he escaped the officers, and even visited London while they were seeking him in Holland.

John Robinson was their preacher, since Clifton had remained in Amsterdam, and the Pilgrims bought a big house and garden on "Kloksteeg," or Belfry Street, and lived thereabouts in peace and poverty until they were compelled to



EDWARD WINSLOW



decide whether they were to remain English or to see their descendants gradually become Dutch.

There was another great reason for their wish to leave Holland; for the long truce between the Dutch and the Spanish was coming to an end, and war might follow. Except for these causes, they might have been glad to remain in Leyden, for they were well liked by their neighbors, were self-supporting if not prosperous, and had increased in numbers, having from three to five hundred members of their community, and were so well situated that a young English traveler, Edward Winslow, found himself attracted sufficiently to join with them, and to marry one of their number, according to one authority, though another says he was married when he first visited the community. Winslow became prominent in the Plymouth colony, being their governor and their historian, as will be remembered.

Together with the reasons already given, there were others inducing them to seek another home. Their children had to work before they were old enough to stand the strain, and also without acquiring an education; the Dutch were not so strict in keeping Sunday as the Pilgrims thought seemly, and in other ways were less moral than

their English guests. All these considerations brought about the decision to leave Holland, but it was not until they had well weighed conflicting claims that they decided upon going to America, or "Virginia," as they would have said.

And now begins the career of Myles Standish, so far as it is known to us, for we first meet with him as being ready to cross the Atlantic with the Pilgrims to help them in their struggles with the wilderness and the savages whom they expected to encounter. All known of him before his meeting with the Pilgrims in Leyden is gathered from the few particulars stated in his will and in the brief accounts of him written by his American companions.

His family were of Lancashire stock, having been there since the Norman Conquest, and, if we may accept the history preserved of their exploits, were distinguished mainly as soldiers. Under Richard II, a John Standish was knighted for having stabbed the fallen Wat Tyler after the mayor had struck him from his horse. "Standwich" is the spelling in Froissart, where the story is told, and he is said to have been one of the King's squires, being created knight apparently on that very day, and being sent as one of three to



STANDISH HALL, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND

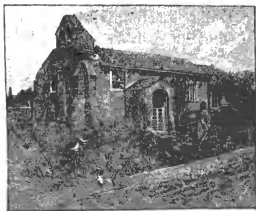
parley with the rioters at Smithfield, near London. Under Henry V and Henry VI there is mention of Sir Ralph Standish in the wars in France, he having fought at Agincourt; and sixty-seven years later Alexander Standish was knighted for bravery in Scotland. Another noted Standish is mentioned in Bartlett's "Pilgrim Fathers,"—Ralph, who married the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and lost his estate for rebellion against the crown in supporting the Pretender; and in "The Pilgrim Republic" by Goodwin is a long list of Standishes known either for valor or learning.

There were two branches of the Standish family, one residing at Standish Hall, the other at Duxbury Hall. At the Reformation the two separated, the Standish Hall family remaining Romanists, while the Duxbury branch became Protestants. It is believed that Myles belonged to the Protestant branch, since he named his home in America, Duxbury. And yet in his will Myles Standish says he is great-grandson of a younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish.

Standish was born about 1584 in the parish of Chorley, Lancashire, England, which would also indicate his belonging to Duxbury Hall, since this

is between Standish Hall and the Chorley parish church. We know nothing of his history until we find him commissioned a lieutenant among the troops sent over by Queen Elizabeth to help the Dutch to maintain their cause against the Spanish. But it will be interesting to know something of the home and surroundings in which Standish's boyhood and youth were passed, and fortunately there have been students to preserve this knowledge for us.

In the next chapter we shall tell something of the Standish home, and of the nature of the fighting in Holland, which will bring us to the beginning of the pilgrimage to America.



OLD PARISH CHURCH IN AUSTERFIELD

## CHAPTER III

THE HOME OF THE STANDISHES—THE WAR IN  
HOLLAND—THE VOYAGE FROM LEYDEN—  
THE PILGRIMS SAIL FOR AMERICA

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth, though in general a prosperous time for England, gave many English citizens no reason to be thankful. The owners of land, the great traders who had the right from the crown to control certain commodities, the successful pirates (for piracy or privateering was popular and winked at so long as only foreigners suffered losses), the bankers and money-lenders, were making large profits, but the ordinary working-people and all those whose living depended upon brain or hands alone were little benefited. Prices were high, but wages were no greater.

Myles Standish probably had little or no estate. Whether he had any rights to the valuable property belonging to the Standish family of Lanca-

shire is doubtful. He said in his will that his lands were "surreptitiously detained" from him, so we may believe he began life without any considerable property.

His early life was passed, it is believed, in the neighborhood of Chorley, from which Duxbury Hall was distant only two miles. Chorley, now having some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is a thriving manufacturing town tracing its prosperity to a number of coal-mines and quarries discovered over a century ago; but in the boyhood of Standish it was a small town mainly devoted to farming, and offered little to attract a needy young man. Of the old town an ancient church remains, where the arms of the Standishes can be seen in stained glass in the chancel window, and where an elaborately carved pew also belonged to the family.

This church is called after St. Lawrence, and an old document in the British Museum records the gift of a "relic of the saint's head" by Sir James Standish, some fifty years before the discovery of America. Duxbury Hall was rebuilt many years ago, and so little remains to connect the neighborhood with the boy Myles, though he is likely to have passed all his boyhood here.

We next find him in the Netherlands, a lieutenant, and helping the Dutch to maintain their independence against Spain. The nature of the warfare between Holland and Spain was different from any wars of modern times. There was practically no quarter given. Every Spaniard considered it his duty to kill the Dutch, men, women, and children, in order to put down heresy; and naturally the Dutch would retaliate. Such a war was not a bad school in which to learn how to fight the Indians, since there was no more mercy and no more faith to be expected from Spaniards than from the savages of North America.

The particular exploits of Standish in this service have not come down to us, but we know that he must have learned to use the firearms of the time—the harquebus, or gun fired with a match, and the snaphance, or flintlock. We know the costume of soldiers at that period, the same that has been made familiar by pictures of Pilgrims and Puritans—the helm, the breastplate and thigh-pieces, the leather jacket, high boots, and cartridge-belt across the shoulder. We may also conclude that Standish was not likely to be in Holland as a soldier long before he was nineteen



or twenty, though he was commissioned, the books say, by Elizabeth, who died in 1603. Possibly he went to the Netherlands about that date, when he was in his twentieth year, and remained until his departure with the Pilgrims.

All this is guesswork, for there is no record whatever to give us the slightest hint. Among the actions in which the young soldier may have learned to fight and to bear suffering there is the siege of Ostend, which was taken by the Spaniards after it had held out for more than three years, and had been reduced to ruins. A good account of this siege may be read in Markham's "The Fighting Veres," which book also gives a most vivid picture of the life of the English allies in the Low Countries; for the Veres were generals of the English forces. Among the books owned by Standish at his death, one was a translation of "Cæsar's Commentaries" by Arthur Golding, whose sister married the Earl of Oxford, one of the De Veres; so the Pilgrim captain may have been one of this Earl's soldiers — though the probability seems so slight, that it would not be worth mention if there were any information to rely upon.

At the time the English refugees came to Ley-

den they made the acquaintance in some way of the captain, and when they had decided to leave Holland for America he agreed to go with them, though the treaty of peace with Spain, beginning in the year of their coming to Leyden, 1609, would expire in 1621, and would no doubt bring to Standish opportunities of advancement in his profession.

Whatever his motive, Standish preferred to share the fortunes of the adventurous Pilgrims, and no doubt took part in the eager discussions as to what part of America they should choose for their settlement.

Guiana, of which Raleigh had written, attracted some by its mild climate and fertile soil; but the Spaniards were too near. They had put an end to a French colony in Florida, though that was more remote from them, and would make but a mouthful of the little band of Pilgrims, who could expect aid from neither England nor Holland. Then, too, the tropical climate was dangerous to men of Northern race.

Virginia, which then meant all the known eastern coast north of Florida, next came up for consideration. It had many advantages, especially the presence of the English colony at James-

town; but this was an Anglican settlement and would give no welcome to these Separatists, and might persecute the newcomers.

Finally it was decided to go to some new part of Virginia, keeping to themselves, and yet being under the general government of Virginia, which it was believed they might accomplish by securing the consent of the authorities at home.

There were two branches of the Virginia company that had charge of the settling of Virginia, one in London, the other in Plymouth; and the territory was divided between them in this way: The London branch, which was usually known as "The Virginia Company" controlled the land between  $34^{\circ}$  and  $38^{\circ}$  north latitude; that is, from about Cape Fear to a little south of Delaware Bay. The Plymouth branch, known as "The North Virginia Company," controlled from  $41^{\circ}$  to  $45^{\circ}$ ; or from Eastport, Maine, southward to where New York city stands. This left a strip of country between,—that is, from New York southward to Delaware Bay,—and this was to go to the company that first planted a self-supporting colony. Of course, though a hundred miles inland was named, there was no real limitation of these strips westward, since that was all unexplored and in the hands of the Indians.

Each company was to be governed by a separate council in America, but one council in England was to govern both.

It was a bad plan, as the early experience of the Jamestown colony had already shown, but by this time the Virginian colonists were firmly established and promised to do well.

Not much was known of the more northern part of the coast, though Englishmen had been for a while on Cape Cod, had sailed up the Kennebec River, and had even tried to settle at its mouth. But the attempt to live through a Maine winter had proved disastrous, and the failure gave the northern coast a bad reputation.

John Smith explored the region and made a wonderfully good map of what he named "New England," but failed in his attempt to settle there or to impress his ideas of its value to England upon the public.

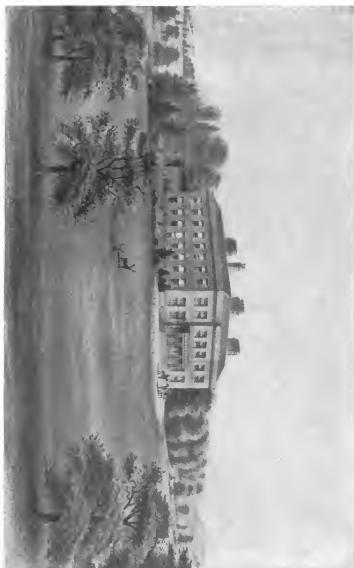
But between Virginia and New England there was still a wide choice, and the Pilgrims thought they might find a good site somewhere near the Delaware River, not too near Jamestown nor so far northward as to expose them to the cold that had defeated the attempts to plant colonies in Maine.

The next step was to secure permission. Brew-

ster's dwelling at Scrooby had been leased by the Archbishop of York to his son Sir Samuel Sandys, Brewster's landlord. Sir Edwin Sandys, the brother of Sir Samuel, was prominent in the Virginia Company and took up their cause warmly. But there were difficulties made. The King would not do more than promise to "connive at them and not molest them provided they carried themselves peaceably," and referred them to his bishops. Meanwhile Dutch friends made them generous offers if they would settle in Zealand, or would make a colony at the Dutch trading-post on Manhattan Island. But at last, after being greatly discouraged, a charter was granted from the Virginia Company, and then they proceeded to provide funds for their voyage.

A London merchant, Thomas Weston, induced a number of his friends to invest money — about £7000 — in a joint-stock company for the benefit of the proposed colony and in the hope of profiting by their prosperity; and thus all was ready for their voyage across the ocean.

First there was held a solemn fast, or meeting, to decide who were to go and who were to remain, for it was thought best that about one hundred and fifty should form the first party, being the young-



DE XBURY HALL, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND

est and strongest, while the rest were to follow if they could. Then a farewell feast was held in July, 1620, at their minister's house, with "sing-ing of Psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice"; and then, after another day of "Solemn Humiliation," the Pilgrims were escorted to Delftshaven, where a small ship of sixty tons (equal to about forty in modern rating), the *Speedwell*, was ready for them.

August 1 (N. S.), 1620, their parting took place on board the vessel, when "tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart," while their Dutch friends wept in sympathy. But, the tide being favorable, it was time to set sail, and with a volley from their small arms and their three cannon, the ship drew out of the harbor and the Pilgrims ended their twelve years' life among the Dutch.

With those on the *Speedwell* were Brewster, Bradford, and Standish; and Bradford in speaking of their departure says: "So they left that goodly and pleasant city; . . . but they knew they were pilgrims, and . . . lifted their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

One is tempted to quote the eloquent descriptions of their canal-boat journey through the picturesque Dutch fields, of the parting at Delfts-haven, of the voyage to Southampton, where they were to meet the *Mayflower*; but though Myles Standish took part in all these scenes, he seems to have been a quiet and unobtrusive passenger. His active service began when the Pilgrims reached their home in the New World, and so we must hasten over the occurrences preceding the landing.

The *Mayflower* had been loading for a week at Southampton, and when all was ready for the ocean voyage the two little vessels sailed by the Isle of Wight out into the English Channel. They left port August 15, but, after struggling with an adverse wind for over a week, were forced to put into Dartmouth. It was reported that the *Speedwell* was leaking badly. She was overhauled from stem to stern, and no serious trouble found.

They again set sail, but when they had gone some three hundred miles beyond Land's End her captain again reported her in bad condition, and both returned to Plymouth. Here another examination took place without finding any serious de-



fect. The captain insisted the *Speedwell* was not seaworthy, and it was decided to send her back to London, since it was now September, and winter was not far away. There were thirty passengers in the *Speedwell*, and eighteen of them were sent back, while the rest were added to the crowded *Mayflower*, making one hundred and two in all; and it must not be forgotten that they had already been about a month aboard ship, without reckoning the two weeks on the *Speedwell* in her voyage from Holland.

Whether the small ship was really unseaworthy is doubtful; but she seems to have carried too heavy masts, for these were afterward changed. Some of the Pilgrims believed that the captain had been bribed by the Dutch to prevent any settlement near their trading-post at the mouth of the Hudson.

It was on September 16 (N. S.) that the *Mayflower* made her final departure for America with a favorable wind, a band of passengers who had been thrice winnowed to remove all but the bravest and most capable, and a new world before them wherein to live as they thought right without giving offense.

Their clergyman, John Robinson, remained in

Leyden with the church there; for it had been agreed that, in dividing, the congregation should be separate churches, interchanging members as people should go to America or return to Holland. But in a farewell address Robinson gave most excellent counsel to the departing company—advice received with so much approval that it must have agreed with the opinions of the Pilgrims. It must be quoted here to prove that these men were not bigoted and narrow, as some historians have made them out, and that they did not think they knew all there was to be known, though they held strong views.

He told them, “before God and his blessed angels, to follow him [Robinson] no further than he followed Christ,” and to keep their minds receptive, because “the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of his holy word.” He also warned them against the dangers of keeping from the great body of believers, advising them “rather to study union than division.”

These maxims from their leader show the Pilgrims as men of liberal rather than narrow minds; and we shall find them in their new home putting these fair-minded principles in practice. We must not get a wrong impression because of

their continual quoting of Scripture. In their times the Bible was almost the only literature universally distributed; there was still a sense of newness attaching to the English version of the Bible, and in it the people found every sort of literature, from the mystical eloquence of the prophets, the exquisite poetry of the Psalms, to the romance of Esther and Ruth, and the stern practical politics of the historical books. Bible-reading was universal, its phrases filled men's minds; and these words were used without cant or irreverence, where men of to-day would quote Shakspeare, John Bunyan, Coleridge, or any of a dozen popular poets or political philosophers. The discussion of religious topics was universal among the serious-minded, and writers upon these subjects were everywhere read.

No doubt there was plenty of such talk on the decks of the *Mayflower* when the weather allowed the passengers to come out. At other times they must have huddled here and there in the deck-houses or stowed themselves away below. It is seldom warm at sea in northern latitudes, and of course there was nothing to do but pile on clothing and make the best of it. The only fire aboard was that used for cooking, built probably upon a

flat hearth on deck. The passengers slept as they could in rude bunks or hammocks, and expected little comfort.

Bradford's account of the voyage is the only one we have. He speaks first of a favorable wind and then of seasickness. Remembering how long a seasoning these people had, the fact that they were seasick shows bad conditions of food, lodging, and general health. The life at sea in those days was a misery at the best of times, and here, with women and children in a crowded vessel, it is not strange that many were overcome. Bradford tells of a young sailor who derided and cursed the sick, taunting them and saying he hoped to "cast half of them overboard before they came to their journey's end," and then records that "it pleased God to smite this young man with a grievous disease," so "he was the first that was thrown overboard." But Bradford records this with no more comment than a modern writer might make, saying "his curses lighted on his own head."

The next happening of importance was a continuance of stormy weather, "with which the ship was shrewdly shaken," and her "upper works made very leaky," referring to the built-up house

at the stern of the vessel, after the manner of the old time; but though this made their quarters uncomfortable, it was not a serious matter compared to an injury to the hull that happened later. One of the main beams amidships bowed and cracked. This made them all afraid that in rough weather the deck of the *Mayflower* might give way; and a consultation was held by all the wise heads aboard, both crew and passengers. Some were in favor of returning, though they were half-way across. But it was found there was a great iron screw aboard, brought by the passengers from Holland. It was probably a jack-screw.

This was put beneath the cracking bended beam, it was forced upward into place, a post fitted beneath it, the deck and upper works calked, and then the ship's carpenter and captain thought they might safely go on "if they did not overpress her with sails. So they committed themselves to the will of God and resolved to proceed."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA—THE LANDFALL— CAPTAIN STANDISH LEADS THE FIRST EXPLORING PARTY

**D**URING his campaigns in the Low Countries Myles Standish must have learned to endure hardships of all sorts—hunger, thirst, exposure to heat and cold. It was the best of preparations for a voyage at sea in one of the dancing, top-heavy little vessels in which our forefathers had to cross the ocean to the new world. Then voyaging meant something. There were not only discomforts, but very present and very probable dangers. Pirates were plenty. The charts by which the courses were laid were likely to be wrong. The provisions were of the crudest sort, for the art of preserving foods was in its beginning, and ship-fever and scurvy were so common as to be almost sure. The size of the ships, no larger than a modern coasting schooner, made

them the toy of any except moderate gales. Failure of wind might lengthen a voyage until water or food failed.

As to being in any way comfortable on board such a craft as the *Mayflower*, it was out of the question unless one was hardened to exposure and in rugged health. Standish after his campaigning would have little to complain of; but the women and children must have suffered greatly. Seasickness, inability to sleep or rest during rough weather, no change of food, the penetrating chill of the ocean fogs, must have made the voyage a long torture. And it is to the voyage that we must credit the weakness and illness which made so many victims to the hardships of the first months ashore. William Bradford, however, who writes the brief account we have, is the only authority for the voyage, and he gives us the barest facts without other addition than pious reflections. He notes, as a "special work of God's providence," the punishment of the brutal sailor, and he tells of another providence whereby one of their own company was saved from death in mid-ocean.

After the mending of the broken beam, they met with more severe weather, the wind being

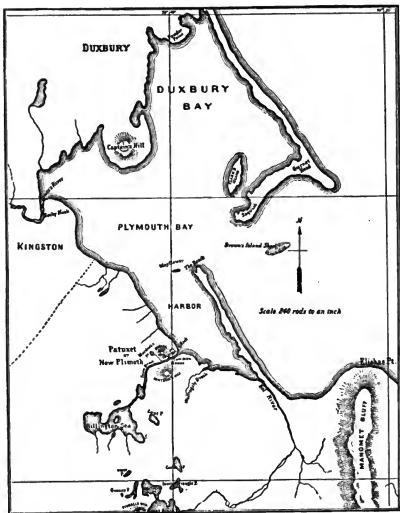
"so fierce and the seas so high as they could not bear a knot of sail, but were forced to hull for divers days together"; by which he means that they simply drifted or were blown about until the weather was calmer. Of course, being without canvas to steady them, they must have tossed like a log upon the waves; and one of the passengers, John Howland, coming on deck, was thrown into the sea. It happened that one of the ropes—the topsail halyards—probably having been coiled on deck, had also been tossed over by the pitching, and trailed along in the sea. Howland caught hold of the rope. But as they were driving along, the man was dragged beneath the surface. It seemed that he was to be drowned by holding on, and lost forever if he let go.

Luckily, he was seen, the rope was hauled in until he was brought to the surface, and then, Bradford says, "with a boat-hook and sundry other means" he was hauled aboard and saved. What the "sundry other means" were, we can only guess. Howland was made ill by his ducking and fright, but "lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in Church and Commonwealth." The only other occurrences mentioned by the word-sparing historian Brad-



ford are the death of a young man who was the "servant," which probably means "assistant," of their doctor, and the birth of a son to Stephen Hopkins and Elizabeth his wife. In regard to Standish there is no remark; and we can only argue from his conduct afterward in Plymouth that he was likely to have done his share toward caring for the other passengers or helping in working the ship. Indeed, as an old soldier, he would be likely to show that handiness acquired by campaigners, and to lend a hand wherever it was needed. But this was no more than the rest did, for the whole company during their long years in Holland had been compelled by their poverty to learn all kinds of useful work.

The voyage had lasted nearly a week over two months, when at last land was sighted at day-break on the morning of November 20, 1620. This land was soon recognized as Cape Cod. The name had been given to this point because of the many codfish caught near by during Bartholomew Gosnold's expedition in 1602. Afterward the same point was named on Captain John Smith's map "Cape James," but the compliment to the King proved less popular than the memory of the fish, and Cape Cod it has remained.



MAP OF PLYMOUTH HARBOR

Cape Cod, they knew by Smith's map (which they had), was further north than they had meant to settle. The passengers and the captain held a consultation and decided to turn southward in order to land on territory covered by their charter. Having sighted the cape toward its northern end, when they tried to go south they "fell amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers," near what is now Monamoy Point. After half a day's sail they found the wind failing, and resolved to make toward the cape once more while it was yet light. So the next day they rounded the cape and lay safely within its welcoming arm; whereupon Bradford says, "being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees" and gave thanks. But this thanksgiving was upon the *Mayflower*, for they had not yet gone ashore.

There is some suspicion that their captain had been influenced by the Dutch to take the Pilgrims further north than the Hudson; but it may be that he was puzzled by the then unknown Gulf Stream and had really meant to keep faith with them. This is the opinion of W. E. Griffis, who has carefully studied the question. But whether it was accident or trickery, the choice of Cape Cod har-

bor forced the Pilgrims to choose a settlement beyond the limits of their charter, and this led to a discussion aboard the *Mayflower*. Some said that as soon as they went ashore they would be beyond all law or authority, or at least that the rights of all would be equal, and subject only to the vague and distant power of the King of England. We are not told that any serious alarm was caused by this notion, but these men had been used to considering all such matters of right and authority, and it was decided to raise and settle the question before going ashore.

The leaders called all the men of the Pilgrims to a conference in the cabin in order to come to an understanding. At this meeting an agreement was signed by forty-one out of sixty-five of the men passengers, binding themselves to obey such laws as they should make for their governing. Of the twenty-four who did not sign, thirteen were signed for by their fathers, being minors, nine were servants (and of these eight may have been too sick to attend the meeting, as they died soon after), and the remaining two were, according to Arber, hired sailors. So it may be said that the agreement was made by all the men in the party.

It was no more than a promise to remain loyal Englishmen and to accept the rule of the majority. Some writers have tried to make it the founding of a little republic, but there is no sign of any such idea. This is shown by their next action, which was to confirm in his office as governor, John Carver, who had held that office since the *Mayflower* left Southampton. To put the whole matter shortly, they were to settle where their charter did not apply, and so all agreed that they would act as if it did apply, and were careful to say that they meant to remain loyal to King and country.

There were six men who seem to have been their leaders: John Carver, their governor; William Bradford, who had from early youth been Brewster's chosen friend and companion; Edward Winslow, the young Englishman who had joined them in Leyden; William Brewster, the man at whose house in England they had held meetings; Isaac Allerton, of whom we have so far heard little; and Captain Myles Standish. These names came first in the signing, and with six other names were usually preceded by titles of respect. But who can doubt that if this minority had been outvoted, there would have been im-

mediate trouble? There was no intention of forming a democracy, and since all were agreed in their purposes there was no dispute. They simply carried out the general purpose of the charter they had obtained from the Virginia Company the February before, as is proved by the letter written to them by their minister, John Robinson, before they had left England. Edward Eggleston points out that this letter speaks of their having "no persons of special eminency above the rest to be chosen by you into office of government," and thus shows that there was nothing new in the compact at Cape Cod except the renewed consent to be bound by the charter.

Nevertheless there was a difference, and this came from their church organization. Being a church wherein each member took part in the government, their idea was to recognize the rights of each adult male also in the ruling of the civil affairs, and to require him to agree that he would obey the laws made by the majority for the general good. This was not in theory a people's government, for the English king was still recognized; but practically the Pilgrims ruled themselves both in church and in state.

It showed how much these things meant to

them that they could busy themselves over such questions when they were lying in sight of the low shores thickly wooded with oaks, pines, cedars, and sassafras. Oaks and pines meant boats and houses; the cedars and sassafras were valued for their medicinal virtues. Besides these trees, there were birch, holly, ash, and walnut, and many grape-vines.

But their most pressing need was for fresh water and firewood, and so fifteen or sixteen well-armed men were sent to explore. They were compelled by the shallows to wade about three-quarters of a mile in the cold water, and were gone all day; and on their return we can imagine how eagerly those on shipboard crowded about them to hear the story of their discoveries. They reported that the shore reminded them of Holland by its sand-hills, but was "much better," especially as good rich earth lay at no great depth below; the woods were free of undergrowth, so that horsemen or footmen could go freely about; as for people or habitations, neither were seen. In returning the explorers loaded their boat with cedar-wood, which burned well and gave out a sweet odor most grateful after their months of living in the rank smell of bilge-water.

Thus ended their first day ashore, Saturday, November 21 (N. S.).

On Monday they got out their small sail-boat or shallop, which had been carried below deck. The crowded state of the *Mayflower* had caused some of the people to use the shallop as a sleeping-place, and she was found to need calking and repairing, for she had been cut down so that she could be stowed below. The carpenter took more than two weeks to fit her for exploring the bay.

The passengers, however, went ashore; and the women carried the soiled clothes with them to be washed in fresh water, a very pressing need, no doubt, since they had been so long on shipboard, where no fresh water could be spared. Some of the men tried to catch fish, but it was not the season for cod, and they caught only a few small ones near shore, and gathered some clams. These were eaten, but made the eaters sick. Whales were seen in plenty, and both passengers and sailors regretted they had no harpoons for capturing them, especially as the ship's captain said that they might have made thousands of pounds by loading the ship with oil. Birds also were plentiful, but there is nothing said of their having secured any, though they had firearms.



The more adventurous of the men were eager to explore more widely, and suggested a land expedition, seeing the carpenter was making slow progress in refitting the shallop. The plan was thought a dangerous one, but was not forbidden. Probably Myles Standish was the author of it; certainly he was the leader, and this is the first time any deed of his is mentioned. Bradford, Hopkins, and Tilley were to be a sort of staff to advise with the captain and counsel him.

Captain Standish had his party of sixteen soldiers all armed with their muskets and swords, and each wearing a corselet or body-armor. They went the nearest way to the shore, wading through the shallows as before, and landed a little south of Provincetown. Then, keeping in single file, they went along close by the shore. In America we often hear this formation, one man behind another, called "Indian file," as if it were an invention of our native races. But Captain Standish had as yet never seen an Indian, and yet we find him using this plan of march. It is, in fact, the natural method of forming a party for progress through a new or roadless region, and so is found all the world over except where broad roads or cleared fields permit marching in rank.

The Indians found in it also the advantage of leaving the least possible trail behind a party.

After Standish and his party (twenty in all) had gone about a mile, they suddenly saw six persons and a dog coming toward them. At first it was thought these were another party from the *Mayflower*, but this idea was given up when the strangers ran into a wood, and called the dog after them by whistling. This showed that they must be savages, and in order to find out whether there were more Indians in hiding, the scouting party followed. The Indians then came out of the wood again to the beach and went off at full speed, the Pilgrim warriors following because that was the way they meant to go. For ten miles they followed the trail, noting that there were two sets of footprints, showing that the Indians were returning the same way they had come.

These natives must have been far ahead in their retreat, for they at one place had gone up on a hill, as the tracks showed, to see if the Pilgrims still followed.

When night came the Pilgrims built a sort of open camp or little fort of logs and bushes, made a fire, and slept under guard of three sentinels. In order to divide the watch fairly, these men

noted how much was burned of their matches, the slow-burning fuses for firing their matchlocks, and when six inches of the fuse was burned they roused others to take their places. Probably they were all honest, for it would have been easy to burn off a little now and then in the fire!

In the morning, at daybreak, they set forth again on the Indians' trail, following them around East Harbor nearly to the ocean shore, and then into a wood full of underbrush that tore their clothes and even (so the old account says) "their very armor in pieces." Probably their corselets were of steel plates mounted on leather. Going through these thick woods and over the hills and into the valleys made them tired and thirsty. They had only biscuits and cheese for provisions, and a little brandy. In the brush they saw a deer, and then about ten o'clock suddenly discovered springs of fresh water. They were "heartily glad, and drank our first New England water with as much delight as we ever drank drink in our lives." After a rest they turned southward so as to come out on the shore of the harbor, only four miles across from where the ship lay at anchor, where a fire was built. This had been agreed upon as a signal of their safety.

The valley where the springs were situated was afterward the site of the village of East Harbor; and only a mile southward was found a fine pond (near Pond village in Truro). Many wild fowl and deer were seen, and rich growths of sassafras, then so valued for medical purposes that the roots were worth three shillings a pound in England. Not far south they saw signs that the Indians had grown maize; and land fit for the plow, some fifty acres. A little path was another proof that they were near an old Indian settlement, and at length led them to an Indian grave. It was marked by a wooden bowl, an earthen jar, and within were found a bow and arrows. The white men replaced all after examination, so as not to offend the Indians. A stubble-field showed where corn had been gathered that year, and there were hickory-nut trees, strawberry-plants, and grape-vines.

In this neighborhood also they came upon signs of white men, for there were planks, the foundations of a house, and an old kettle.

Another grave-like mound proved to be stored with corn, some of it in a big round basket. The kettle, corn, and basket were carried off, though the Pilgrims agreed that they would pay for these things if possible.

They also discovered the Pamet River, whereon were two canoes, and the remains of an old palisade. Returning, they camped again in the same way by the pond, during a rainy night, and then made their way home. During their return, they very likely found their burdens wearisome, for they sank the kettle in the pond to hide it. An occurrence that amused the party was the discovery of a deer-trap. Stephen Hopkins explained what the contrivance was; but William Bradford was the last to arrive, and (I suspect, as a practical joke) he was allowed to be caught by the leg in the trap. They themselves saw three deer, and their historian (possibly Winslow) remarks dryly that they would have preferred "having" to seeing them.

Marching in the woods, on the shore, or up to their knees in water, they at length came out near the ship, and, firing their guns, were taken aboard. They then found many of their party had come ashore, but no doubt they were glad to reach the vessel again.

## CHAPTER V

### SELECTING THEIR SITE—AN INDIAN SKIRMISH— THE LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

WHILE waiting aboard the *Mayflower* for the setting out of a second party of discovery, there was no time wasted. To save both weight and space, they had brought all their tools without handles, knowing that there would be plenty of wood to be cut in the forests. So the settlers now busied themselves in finding suitable pieces to make helvcs for their axes, handles for chisels and hammers, and the missing parts of agricultural tools.

Besides this carpenter work, they got out their long saws and began cutting timbers fit to build them a big boat. All this required many trips between ship and shore. The boat could be used only at high water, and at ebb-tide they had to wade in water up to their knees or deeper. This gave them colds and coughs in the stormy wea-

ther, and these illnesses turned, they say, to scurvy,—a disease caused by their lack of green vegetables and other fresh food, and one very common then among seafaring folk, who had no means of preserving food in any variety, and so were forced to live on beans, peas, salt or smoked meat, and ship-bread. Upon such fare had the Pilgrims now lived for months, so that they were in no state to withstand exposure to a New England winter; and yet many of them were very careless of their health.

The shallop, or sail-boat, brought over in the ship was nearly ready, though two more days' work were needed to finish, when it was decided to make the second shore expedition to explore the rivers running into the harbor. Rivers were the safest way of entering the continent, since a boat-party was less likely to be surprised by the natives, and it was also much easier to go by water than to force a path through underbrush or to climb hills and traverse marshy ground.

This second party consisted of twenty-four armed Pilgrims and ten of the ship's company, including Captain Jones, who as a compliment was made the leader. In the boat and shallop they made for the shore, taking the nearest course be-

cause it was rough, windy weather, and being forced to wade ashore, as usual. Then the party divided, some to go along on shore, and others to keep in the shallop and follow near the coast.

The shallop, however, did not dare venture in the rough water, and so the land party went on ahead. The old account says: "It blowed and did snow all that day and night, and froze withal. Some of our people that are dead took the original of their death there." It is not surprising that the exposure should have been so fatal, when we remember that the expedition began Monday, December 7 (N. S.), and what the trip in icy water and through the snowdrifts meant to those weakened men, who camped out that December night to await the shallop.

At eleven in the morning came the boat, and those ashore going aboard, all sailed along the coast southward from East Harbor to the mouth of the Pamet River, which was found to be but two fathoms deep, and navigable only for small boats. Again a party went ashore, and marched about five miles along the little river, while the shallop followed. At nightfall, the men, tired by marching through snow half a foot deep, camped under a few pines, having shot three geese and



six ducks for supper. These were eaten with "soldiers' stomachs," as they put it. Next day they gave up their intention of going to the head of the larger river, and decided to march northward to the smaller, that they might get more corn, for it was by that stream they had found the corn on their first trip. Reaching the bank, they came upon an abandoned canoe which they had seen before, and also came on a flock of geese, of which two were shot. The canoe was used to ferry the party across, a few at a time, to the place where the corn was buried. They called it "Cornhill"; it is now known as Hopkins's Cliff.

Plenty of corn was found, and a bottle of oil, probably fish-oil; but they had to use their heavy swords to chop up the frozen ground, having brought no shovels. Altogether they got ten bushels of maize, and they considered the finding of it "God's good providence," since this provided them with sufficient seed-corn.

Bad weather made Captain Jones eager to get back to the *Mayflower*, and so all the corn and those who were weak or sick were sent back with him, leaving a bolder few to continue exploring. These on Thursday morning followed a broad path, expecting to find Indians, but it proved to be

only a deer-drive after they had traced it for some five miles into the woods. Upon their return toward the shore they made a remarkable discovery. They came upon a burial-place covered with boards; and, opening it, found first a mat, then a bow, another mat, a carved and painted board over two feet long, having "three tynes or broaches on the top, like a crown." There were also dishes and bowls between the mats. Then under a large mat were two bodies wrapped up—one the skeleton of a man, who had had yellow hair; the other that of a child, around whose bones were white beads, probably wampum. The man's body had been wrapped in a sailor's canvas blouse and cloth breeches, and with it were a knife, a big needle, and so on. The body was preserved in a sort of pungent powder, red, and fine like flour.

Nobody is certain how this yellow-haired man came to Cape Cod. Some have guessed he was a Norseman, but there would have been little except dust remaining if such had been the case; others believe him French, for a French vessel was wrecked on that coast in 1616, and there were three survivors, the rest having been killed by the Indians in revenge for the kidnapping of natives by an English captain two years before. These

three French sailors had been captured, enslaved, and shown about as trophies. One married an Indian woman, the other two were rescued in the summer of 1619. Probably the graves opened by the Pilgrims were those of the French castaway and his child. The wreck of the French vessel explained the presence of the various relics the Pilgrims found on Cape Cod. Possibly the carved and painted board bore a fleur-de-lis—the “three-tined crown.”

In this trip the Pilgrims first saw the Indian houses, and describe them as made of a framework of young saplings covered with mats. They were beehive-shaped, big enough to allow a man to stand upright, had a mat for a door, and a hole in the top served as chimney. The fireplace was in the middle, and sleeping-mats were laid about. Inside were wooden bowls, trays, and dishes, and a sort of basket made of “crab-shells wrought together,” probably the shells of horseshoe-crabs, for ordinary crab-shells would be very fragile. Bundles of sedges and flags showed the raw material for making the mats. The white men helped themselves to what they wanted, and then returned to the shore, where they met the shallop and were carried back to their ship.

If they brought news, they also learned of two happenings during their absence. One was the birth of a son to William White, the first child born in New England, and destined to outlive all the Pilgrims; he was baptized by the Latin name "Peregrinus" or Peregrine, meaning a pilgrim. The other happening was a narrow escape from an explosion; for a small boy, Francis Billington, had found gunpowder and amused himself by discharging one or two muskets, and making "squibs"—the first fire-crackers in New England. Francis also fired off a fowling-piece in his father's cabin, where there was a keg of powder, but luckily no damage was done.

There was much discussion as to selecting the best place for their settlement; and it was decided to send out a third party to make a final choice, for Captain Jones was eager to return to England as soon as possible, while provisions were yet plenty.

Wednesday, December 16 (N. S.), ten of the Pilgrims, Standish being first named, with seven sailors to navigate or row their little vessel, set out. It was cold and the water was rough. Several were sick and overcome by the cold, for the water froze upon their clothes and "made them many times like coats of iron." They sailed

southward further than they had yet gone, reached what is now called Wellfleet Bay, and then sailed eastward toward the shore. Here were seen ten or twelve Indians busy over some "black thing," and the explorers landed on the shoal coast four or five miles away from them. Since it was late in the day, they put up a little barricade, set sentinels, and encamped, seeing the Indian camp-fire within a few miles. Next day, Thursday, in two parties they explored the bay; and came upon some grampuses, on shore. Going to examine the place where the Indians had been, they found that the "black thing" was a grampus, which the natives had been cutting into strips.

Following the tracks of the Indians, they found a path that led them to an Indian burying-ground, corn-fields, and a deserted settlement, but saw no people. Returning to the shore, they called to the shallop to come, but the boat could not approach till high water. Camp was made as before, and the tired Pilgrims fell asleep. At midnight came "a great and hideous cry," and the sentinels cried, "Arm! Arm!" They fired two muskets, but saw nothing. Friday morning, at about five o'clock, they carried some of their arms to the

shore ready to embark, and returned to breakfast. They heard the same cries that had alarmed the sentinels, and one of the explorers came running, and shouted:

“They are men! Indians! Indians!”

A flight of arrows followed, and most of the Pilgrims ran to the shore to recover their arms. Meanwhile Captain Myles Standish, who had prudently retained his gun, which was a “snap-hance” or flintlock, let fly; another prudent man fired a second shot. Two more were by this time ready, and prepared to fire, but were warned by Standish to wait till they could aim, for they did not know what need they should have of their weapons.

Only four of the Pilgrims had brought their guns at the barricade, and these now stood on guard before the open side of their little palisade, facing the attack, while the rest scampered down to get arms from the shore. Those by the palisade called to know how matters stood with the rest, and the answers came: “Well!” “Be of good courage!” For this was before the days of that universal answer, “All right.” Three shots were fired from near the boat, and then came a cry for a firebrand to light their matches; and from

the fire near the palisade one of the Pilgrims took a glowing log upon his shoulder and carried it down to the shore so that the fuses there could be set afire ready to discharge the matchlocks. The Indians meanwhile were giving a war-cry which the historian (probably William Bradford) spells thus: "Woath! Woach! Ha! Ha! Hach! Woach!" The Pilgrims were no more than ready when the Indians advanced, shooting their arrows. The chief came within half a musket-shot, got behind a tree, and shot three arrows. The Pilgrims cleverly dodged, and returned the fire. Then the Indians retreated, and about a dozen of the white men followed for nearly a quarter of a mile, but lost sight of their enemies. The Pilgrims then gave a great shout and fired their muskets to show they were not afraid, and returned to their shallop.

Because it was still very early, the darkness prevented knowing how many Indians were in the attacking party, though it was thought there were thirty or forty. Eighteen arrows were found, tipped with brass, buck-horn, and eagles' claws, but it was not easy to find the arrows among the dried leaves beneath the snow, and there were marks of many in the coats that hung within the

barricade. This fight was in the middle of the place now known as Eastham. No harm seems to have come to either party.

Setting sail, the shallop went about fifty miles, finding no harbor, and then there was snow, rain, and rough weather. Their rudder was damaged, and two of them steered with oars. Their mast was split in three pieces just as one of the sailors discovered a harbor, and then in the darkness and rain they ran near Clark's Island in Duxbury Bay, and finding a safe place to anchor, encamped on the island all Saturday and Sunday. Monday, December 21 (N. S.), they entered Plymouth harbor, sounded it and "found it fit for shipping."

Here there was much cleared corn-land (that had been abandoned by the Indians), good drinking-water flowing to the sea, and an excellent site for their fort and town. Everything was suitable for their settlement, and they landed from their boat on the great boulder since known as Plymouth Rock. On this Monday, December 21, 1620, for the first time they saw Plymouth, and on that date, now celebrated as Forefathers' Day, the place for their colony was virtually chosen. Then they sailed back to the *Mayflower*. The





PLYMOUTH AND PLYMOUTH HARBOR FROM BRIAL HILL.

date is given here according to the present reckoning.

Four days later, the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and made for the site of Plymouth—the spot having been so named on the map made by Captain John Smith and carried by the Pilgrims. They were unable to reach the place because of contrary winds until Saturday, December 26. On the next Monday they took the shallop and made a more thorough examination, finding good land, great variety of trees and herbs, excellent clay for pottery, and all things needed in their enterprise. Tuesday, they again explored, and on Wednesday decided formally for Plymouth, being much influenced by the presence of a great hill (Burial Hill) which commanded all the neighborhood and made an excellent lookout. Thursday and Friday it “blew and rained extremely”; but on Saturday, January 2 (N. S.), many went ashore to cut timber for their building. Sunday, the only incident was a false alarm about the Indians, and on Monday their work was interrupted by the same report. This day, by their reckoning, was Christmas, but it is marked in their account only by the mention that they had some beer to drink aboard the *Mayflower*, apparently an unusual event.

The work now went on regularly except for stormy weather, and their fort was built on the hill, the plots laid out for each family, and the form of settlement thus fixed.

Smoke was seen six or seven miles away, and it was determined that Myles Standish should go to see if he could communicate with the Indians. The captain went, but found only empty houses, and brought back an eagle that proved good eating, "hardly to be discerned from mutton."

The *Mayflower* had to remain nearly a mile and a half from shore, and going to and fro took much time; but it was not until about the 19th of January that they felt they could begin to put up their dwellings, and then were much hindered by the frost and bad weather. They meanwhile made some further discoveries and had some adventures.

Francis Billington had found a fair-sized lake, and Captain Jones sought out good fishing-grounds. Two of the men wandered away into the woods while gathering thatch, and their dogs (a mastiff and a spaniel) having started a deer, they followed until they lost themselves and were benighted. The wolves howled about them at night, and they went to the foot of a tree, ready

to climb up when "the lions," as they called them, should come. They kept themselves from freezing by walking around the tree all night, and wandered about next morning till they saw the harbor from a high hill, and thus found out where they were.

But it was night again before they reached the "plantation" or settlement, almost perishing. The shoes of one had to be cut from his feet, and it was long before he could walk.

Upon their return, these wanderers found most of the settlers had come ashore and were sleeping in the big Common House, a public building about twenty feet square. This was thatched, and on the morning after the lost men came back the thatch caught fire and was burned, greatly endangering the lodgers,—especially Carver and Bradford, who were lying sick,—but not seriously injuring the roof timbers. All the next day, Monday, it rained, but the three following days were fair, and good progress was made in building; on Friday at noon came more rainy weather, that apparently cleared by evening, for the lamed man, John Goodman, went out to hobble about, and his little spaniel was chased by two wolves, and ran between his master's legs for protection. Good-

man threw a stick at one of the wolves, hit him, and drove both away. But presently both returned and "sat on their tails, grinning at him a good while." As he had now armed himself with a staff, they soon made off.

In reading these diary-like details, the days of the settling are brought very near, and seem very real, but one looks in vain for the formal "Landing of the Pilgrims" after the manner of the historical paintings and frescos. Yet we must not forget that the true heroism of these brave men and women lay in the doing of the daily drudgery that made them a dwelling in the wilderness. Their worst foes were the cold, the wet, the famine; and though there was little picturesqueness in the fight against these, we shall find that it required faithfulness unto death, and that death came to many of the brave little band.

The settlement now consisted of the Common House and a shed to shelter their provisions. This was finished on January 30; and the next day being Sunday, it was decided that the whole company should come ashore and hold their church service in the Common House, or town hall.

This was really the formal dedication of their

home, and it was marked by the disembarking of the women. The first to set foot on the Rock was Mary Chilton, and this should be considered the historical "Landing of the Pilgrims," on the old-style date January 21, 1620. By new style, it would, of course, be ten days later, January 31, the last day of the month—a much more convenient date to remember.

The *Mayflower*, as we shall see, remained with them until April 15, 1621, the Pilgrims gradually leaving her for the shore.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE ACTUAL SETTLEMENT — DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS

IN reading the brief accounts given in general histories, one thinks of the Pilgrim settlement as being an instant change from life on shipboard to life in a wilderness; but it has already been shown how different from this is the impression given when we read the settlers' own account.

Yet one might know that prudent men and women would not enter upon so new a life without the utmost caution. The *Mayflower* was to the settlers what a base of supplies and a fortress is to a prudent general advancing into an enemy's country. It was not to be abandoned until they had secured a firm foothold on land and had made themselves to some degree a self-supporting community.

They had now built the "Common" or town house, and a number of dwellings, besides a shed

for storing their provisions, had brought most of their stores ashore, and were fairly well established.

They no doubt considered the holding of church services as a sign of transferring their homes to the land, for one of their historians says that since that first Sunday there has been in that community no cessation of the weekly church service for nine generations; which is enough to make that Sunday a memorable one in their annals.

Their settlement was along a highway at first called "the Street," and afterward named First, Great, Broad, and finally Leyden Street; and plots were assigned by lot to members of the community. We do not know exactly what the houses were like, but they were of logs, with a thatch of sea-grass laid on thickly, chimneys of stones plastered with clay, and rude shutters and doors roughly cut, and probably badly fitted, for the ship's carpenter was hardly well enough to do even that most important piece of work, the finishing of their shallop.

Illness was very general, for they were all living mainly upon the salted ship's-stores, and the salt of the time, being made by evaporation, was



impure. Every day or two there was a death in the little community, but the work was carried sturdily on, though it was necessary to make a hospital of one of the cottages. Here the sick were cared for by their doctor, whose name was Fuller, and probably had as good treatment as they would have found at home, except in the matter of diet.

Now and then their work was delayed by the weather, but it is likely that these periods of rest were not entirely unwelcome. The clay daubing of their chimneys was washed out by the rain, and since the *Mayflower* was not loaded, she was much tossed and racked when the wind blew, and this caused anxiety.

Their new home furnished them with some fresh food, for we are told of their shooting geese, of finding a dead deer the Indians had abandoned after cutting off the antlers, of an occasional fish, though they had no proper hooks to catch in any quantity. The chief hardships they had so far undergone were due to causes they could not control, but this failure to bring suitable fish-hooks from the ports of England or Holland seems a piece of carelessness.

Meanwhile nothing had been seen of the In-

dians except during their first skirmish and except a glimpse now and then of a hunting party or a few stragglers. One Pilgrim while out hunting saw a dozen Indians apparently making toward Plymouth. He hurried home, and the guard was called out by Myles Standish, but after their matchlocks and snaphances, their breastplates and swords had been made ready they had to be put away again, for no Indians then appeared, though Standish and another missed some tools they had left in the woods in the hurry of the alarm.

The settlers thought it wise to organize a regular guard, seeing that the Indians were near, and a meeting was called Saturday, February 27, Standish chosen captain, and their weapons cleaned and made ready. During their meeting two Indians appeared on the hill ("Watson's Hill") just south of the settlement, across the brook, about a quarter of a mile away, making signs inviting the white men to come. The settlers beckoned in return, but armed themselves, at the same time sending Standish and Stephen Hopkins over the brook toward them. These white men had one musket, and laid it on the ground in sign of peace. The two Indians re-

treated, and "a noise of a great many more was heard behind the hill ; but no more came in sight."

The settlers had five cannon, one being already ashore, and on the following Wednesday Captain Jones and his sailors brought the rest, and helped to drag them up the high bluff back of the settlement, where they were mounted in the place considered the best to command the neighborhood in case of an Indian attack.

Another thing that showed the prudence of the settlers in regard to the Indians was the care they took to conceal how great were their losses by death. There were nearly half their number dead already, and fully half were gone before the spring came. It would never do to let the Indians suspect this, and so the mounds over the buried were leveled and planted with grain. An idea of the mortality is given by the fact that four died on the very day the guns were mounted, and at one time there were only seven men capable of work, of whom Captain Standish was one. These seven, says Bradford, their historian, tended the sick, washed the clothing, and made themselves men-of-all-work for the whole settlement. The thought of the grim warrior and the sedate William Brewster washing at the tubs and doing the

offices of the sick-room makes one realize the difference between the real and the mock heroic, and carries a moral in regard to true and false dignity. The heart warms toward the gallant captain, whose acts, even as told in the dry chronicles of the time, indicate a character so forcible and yet so gentle in its manliness. The captain, too, had had his own troubles, for his wife, Rose, whom he had married from the Isle of Man, was among those who were unable to survive the hardships of that first winter. One hundred and two passengers were in the *Mayflower*, and while they were at sea one died and one was born. Another was born in the harbor. Of these only fifty-one survived on November 19, 1621, and of the survivors there were twelve women and two girls, thirty-two men and five boys. Out of eighteen wives only four survived the winter, Bradford's wife being drowned in the harbor.

One is glad to finish the statement of these facts, and to turn from the winter toward the coming of spring, and the beginning of prosperity. Imagine with what joy the patient sufferers welcomed the arbutus, the hepatica, the first chirping of the birds that promised them brighter days! With warmer weather they would

soon have nothing to fear except the Indians, and their dread of these unknown foes was soon to be removed.

On March 13 it is recorded that after a misty morning came a bright noon when "the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly," but a thunder-storm—the first they had seen in America—brought heavy rain until midnight. A few days later they went to explore the ponds near Plymouth, and found deer-tracks. Seeds were sown soon after, probably of garden vegetables, and there was an evident abating of their sickness.

On March 26 it was resolved to complete their plans for forming a military force, since their former meeting had been interrupted by the coming of the Indians. But hardly had they gathered when again came the same interruption, but this time in an amazing form.

An Indian came boldly walking past the houses to the place of meeting, and even offered to enter their town hall. "He saluted us in English, and bade us 'Welcome!' for he had learned some broken English amongst the Englishmen that came to fish at Monchiggon," Bradford writes, meaning Monhegan, Maine, then frequented by fishing-boats. The new-comer was as talkative as

his knowledge of their language permitted, and evidently impressed the Pilgrims by his dignified bearing. They had never before met an Indian, and we can imagine the curiosity with which they pressed around to learn something of the disposition of these people toward them. He told them he was a sagamore, or chief, from the north, a day's sail by sea, five days' land-journey distant. They fed him and threw an overcoat over his shoulders, for he wore only a fringed leather belt about his middle.

Samoset, their new friend, also explained how it was they had found so many traces of Indian life and yet had met no inhabitants. There had been "an extraordinary plague" that had exterminated or driven away a whole community at this place, Patuxet, or "Little Bay," which was the Indian name for the region around Plymouth, leaving it free to the first comers.

After talking all the afternoon the Pilgrims were quite willing to see their guest depart, but he was in no hurry; so they tried to send him in the shallop to the *Mayflower*, but wind and tide forbade, and he was lodged in one of the houses, well guarded.

The Pilgrims had learned from Samoset that

the Indians were about sixty in number, and that of the Nausets, another band, there were about a hundred. These Nausets were hostile, had already fought with some explorers, and had slain three. They were justly angry with the English because a sea-captain had carried away some of their tribe, selling them into slavery, and therefore they had attacked the Pilgrim exploring party on Cape Cod.

Samoset also had heard of the tools taken from the woods where Standish and his companion had left them when summoned to arms on February 26, a month before; and so the Pilgrims sent by him a message demanding the return of the stolen goods. This boldness seems like the usual action of the captain himself, and probably the message was inspired by him.

In the morning Samoset was dismissed with presents, and he promised to return soon, with some of the Massasoits, to trade. He appeared next day, which was Sunday, bringing five others. These were better dressed, wearing long leggings and their breech-clouts, and also deerskin cloaks. Their weapons were left at a distance from the settlement, and they were liberally entertained. In return they danced and sang for the English,

and then offered skins for barter. The Pilgrims refused to trade, because it was Sunday, and because they wished to have more of the beaver-skins brought. The stolen tools were restored, and all of the Indians dismissed except Samoset, who was sick or pretended illness so that he might remain until Wednesday, on which day he was sent to recall the rest, having been kindly treated and having received some English clothing.

On the same day another attempt to complete the plans for their military force was made, and a third time interrupted by the appearance of Indians on the hill. These "made semblance of daring us," the historian says; so Captain Standish took three men and went toward the strangers, whereupon they ran away. As it was a fine warm day, the sick carpenter was persuaded to finish the big shallop, and then all the passengers were brought from the *Mayflower* to the settlement.

Thus the real, final landing was made on that Wednesday, the last day of March, 1621, fully eight months after they had sailed from Holland, and in warm, springlike weather. This, though less romantic, was assuredly a much more sensible proceeding than to plunge into an unknown wilderness in midwinter.



The next day also was fair and sunny, and once more were the settlers summoned to complete the unfinished business of arranging a military organization; but for the fourth time their meeting had to be broken off because of the coming of Indians.

Samoset and four friends entered the settlement, and one of the strangers proved an interesting visitor. His name was Tisquantum, but he was oftenest called Squanto by the Pilgrims, who were told that he was the only living member of the community of Indians formerly living near Plymouth — the Patuxets. By one misfortune Squanto had escaped another. He was one of more than a score of Indians stolen by the English captain, Hunt, and sold into slavery. Squanto had been taken to London, and there had lived for several years, then had gone to Newfoundland on one of the fishing voyages, then returned to England, and finally came again to America with a Captain Dermer. Dermer and Squanto had visited Plymouth some months before the Pilgrims came, only to find that the tribe had been destroyed by sickness during Squanto's absence, and that their homes were desolate.

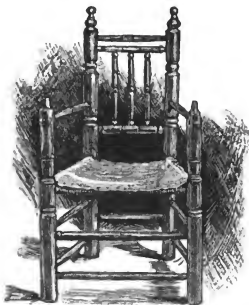
Though these Indians brought some skins and

fish to trade, they met with little attention, for they also brought news of the approach of their "great Sagamore," Massasoit. This ruler's visit meant much to the settlers, as he was the chief of their nearest neighbors, and upon his word it depended whether these Indians were to be their friends or foes.

Within an hour appeared the chief, his brother, and about sixty warriors. The savages halted on the hill south of the settlement, and then arose the question which party should trust the other, Squanto being interpreter. At last Edward Winslow was sent to say that the Pilgrims wished to be friends, and to trade with the Indians; and he carried for King Massasoit two knives and "a chain with a jewel to it" as gifts of amity, and similar gifts for the king's brother, Quadequina. There were also some biscuits, some butter, and some liquor. We may be sure that Winslow well performed his mission, for in those days people believed sincerely in the notion that all kings were rulers by the grace of God, and hence took very seriously the pretensions of even the pettiest native chieftains. Winslow did not presume to speak only for his own humble friends, but conveyed to the royal visitor the compliments of King

James, and begged an alliance, saying also that their governor, John Carver, "desired to see him and to truck [trade] with him, and to confirm a peace with him."

All these high-sounding phrases were rendered



CHAIR OF CARVER, FIRST GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY

somehow into the Indian tongue by Squanto or Samoset, and Winslow was asked to eat and drink with them, while Massasoit admired and wished to buy the Englishman's sword and armor, and Winslow politely declined to sell. After the

meal Massasoit decided to let his brother keep Winslow as hostage, and to risk a visit to the settlement. Taking some twenty unarmed men, Massasoit crossed the brook, and was met by Captain Standish and another with a file of musketeers. The parties saluted one another (how, is not told), and Standish escorted the royal guest to an unfinished cabin where a rug and cushions were spread out. Then the Pilgrim governor appeared, escorted by trumpeter, drummer, and more musketeers, kissed the royal hand and was graciously kissed by Massasoit, and the conference began with drinking of healths. Massasoit took a big drink, probably not knowing how strong the liquor was, and sweated profusely in consequence.

The Indian chief is described as grave, sturdy, and in the prime of life. His only sign of rank was a chain of white beads around his neck. His face was painted dark red, and his hair and face oiled; in fact, all those Indians had painted their faces.

There was a friendly talk, though Massasoit "trembled with fear" during the interview, and then a treaty of peace was made and put in writing by the Pilgrims, whereby these Indians and

the settlers were to live in friendship and to be allies in any just war. Then King Massasoit was escorted to the brook, and soon after the brother, Quadequina, made a visit with a large number of followers. Peace having been made, the Indians showed a disposition to linger about, examining the wonders brought by the white men from England; but the Pilgrims wisely objected, and at nightfall the red men withdrew, camping within a half mile of the settlement, while the Englishmen prudently kept watch.

The Indians promised to settle near by during the summer, and to plant a field of corn south of the brook.

Next day some of the Indians came again while Captain Standish went with Isaac Allerton to visit the Indian camp; and then, after the Pilgrims had filled the "King's Kettle" with peas, their dusky visitors departed early, to the settlers' relief.

Only Samoset and Squanto remained, and the latter began his kind offices by showing the English how they might catch eels. He waded into a stream (probably that since called Eel River), and treading in the mud stirred up the eels which he then caught in his hands. The settlers relished

this new food greatly, finding it sweet and nutritious.

The fishing for eels being concluded, the Pilgrims were for the fifth time called to the business meeting that their Indian visitors had interrupted, and were able to adopt the rules and laws such "as we thought behoveful for our present estate and condition." Another important matter concluded at this time was the electing of John Carver as governor for a second term, "a man well approved among us."

It is noticeable that we have no hint of any ill-feeling or squabbling among these men, though the very fact that they had emigrated shows them to have been men of character and of original thinking. Their long discipline when persecuted and when in a foreign land earning a living with their hands, had taught them the value of harmony and coöperation; and this spirit made the colony strong and effective.

The comparison with the early history of the Jamestown colonists is instructive, as showing how much better fitted for the New World were the Pilgrims.

## CHAPTER VII

### DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS

NO doubt the reader, unless previously acquainted with the subject, has felt some surprise at the evidences of civilization in the land settled by this Pilgrim band, the signs of the former presence of white men, the speaking of English by Samoset and Squanto, the readiness of the Indians to make friends with the newcomers. All this makes the traditional "wilderness" seem rather tame.

But this coast had been much frequented by adventurous mariners from over the seas, ever since the younger Cabot had explored it, six years after Columbus found the West Indies. The voyages of Gosnold, who named Cape Cod, of Pring and Browne, who may have entered Plymouth harbor, of certain French navigators, are mentioned by the historians; the English captain, Henry Hudson, the Dutchman, Admiral Blok,

and especially John Smith, had done much to make the region familiar.

Captain Hunt, already mentioned as stealing the Indians for slaves, was commander of one of Smith's vessels, and his visit to these waters was no more than six years before. Two years later came the ship *Nachen*, and only a year before the coming of the Pilgrims the English captain Dermer had come to the coast. Dermer had even visited Massasoit and Quadequina, "discoursing" with them, and finding them "desirous of novelty," or full of curiosity. Squanto was Dermer's companion, and these two, with a few sailors, had made the long voyage from Maine in a small boat, arriving in time to redeem the French captive already spoken of. Squanto had saved Dermer from the Indians, who had been angered by the hostility of some previous white captain — who, is not known.

Besides all these dealings between the old and new worlds, it must not be forgotten that there was a Dutch trading-station on Manhattan Island, so that the Indians all along the coast from Virginia to Maine had had more or less experience with white men, good or bad.

A very good summary of these matters will be



found in Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic," from which the preceding is a very brief extract, merely designed to correct any idea that the Indians were ignorant of white men and their ways.

The sickness that had destroyed half of the settlers had not been more merciful to the seamen of the *Mayflower*; and even after there was no passenger left aboard, the ship was still held in harbor to make sure of summer and fair weather during the homeward voyage. In the middle of April, she weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbor, with about half her crew. Fortunately, she met with favorable weather and reached England in about a month, thus passing from the history of the Plymouth colony for many years, though she afterward made another voyage with passengers for Plymouth, in 1629.

There was no English community nearer to Plymouth than Jamestown, and the departure of the *Mayflower* left the Pilgrims entirely dependent upon their own resources.

But the most favorable part of the year was before them and they had an able instructor to teach them how to be self-supporting. Squanto gave them the Indian rules for planting corn,

and he also taught them to enrich the soil by burying with the seed-corn the little fish called "alewives." And these settlers, unlike those with whom John Smith had so much trouble in Jamestown, were none of them above doing the hardest sort of labor. Carver, their governor, going to work in the corn-field seems to have been sunstruck, for he returned home with a severe headache, became insensible, and died not long after. He was buried with such honors as it was possible to pay him.

William Bradford was elected in his place, with Allerton as an assistant, and held office for three years. The governor had much authority, but there is an incident showing that Captain Standish's position as military chief was not an empty dignity, and that the little captain was a man of decision.

Standish gave some order to John Billington, and obedience was refused. Besides this mutiny, Billington committed the offense of abusing and threatening the sturdy little captain. Billington was promptly arrested, taken before the whole body of settlers, and ordered "to lie for a time in a public place with his neck and heels tied together." This sentence was remitted when the cul-

prit begged for pardon; but the captain had shown himself one not to be defied.

Here again is a contrast with the Virginian colony. In Jamestown there was no such concentrated power. There were legal squabbles and perplexing questions of law to be settled in Virginia, and too much division of authority. With Bradford at the helm and Standish at the prow, matters were quickly accomplished in Plymouth, and we hear of no disagreements among the leading men—no misgovernment.

As to minor quarrels, we hear of one between two young Pilgrims which they tried to settle by means of a duel; but as the duelists were treated to the same quick justice Billington had found, they also concluded to beg for mercy, and were released after being tied up for one hour out of the twenty-four to which they had been promptly sentenced.

But these police-duties did not interfere with the planting, and twenty acres were prepared by the method Squanto had recommended, though there were only about twenty-five laborers available. There were also fields of other grain and the vegetable-gardens to look after, while the procuring of fish to enrich the corn-fields, the necessary hunting and gathering of wood for fuel, and

the ordinary housework of the settlement, made it sure that there was no idleness among the Pilgrim fathers, mothers, or children. May, June, and part of July thus passed before there came a good opportunity to return the visit paid by their Indian ally, Massasoit; and this also shows how busy the settlers must have been.

There was no lack of work for every one, old or young, male or female, since they were entirely dependent upon one another for everything, and could have brought little baggage with them in their crowded vessel. Their furniture had all to be made out of the wood of the forest. Clothes had to be kept repaired, and cloth must be woven for new. Firewood was to be cut, and vegetable-gardens attended to. Their military organization, under Captain Standish, who was a veteran soldier as we know, would be no matter of playing soldiers; and the mere keeping of their weapons in order there upon the sea-shore was a matter of constant vigilance.

From their Indians friends they picked up many useful hints. Moccasins of buckskin were made to supply the place of boots, and buckskin was also excellent for clothing when it was made soft by the Indian method of preparation.

The table furniture of the time was simple,

consisting mainly of wooden platters and trenchers, and stout knives. Fingers still served as forks in England as well as America. The Pilgrims no doubt brought from Holland good store of linen, and their table-cloths and napkins were plentiful. For drink they had beer, served in wooden or pewter cups, though pewter was a highly prized possession; one to be exhibited as silver is now. In winter the windows were guarded with panes of oiled paper, but in summer they were left open.

The costume of both men and women was that made so familiar to us by paintings. It was the dress of their time, as worn by the middle classes, plain, serviceable, and unornamented, never following the extreme fashions seen in the portraits painted of the nobility.

According to the old saying, "A gentleman should always be dressed so that he might ride for his life"; and by this standard the Pilgrims' costume could hardly be improved upon. The stout coat, short breeches, strong shoes, and long woolen stockings, together with the broad felt hat, were an ideal costume for life in a new country. The women's dress—a short skirt, simple bodice, close hood and cloak, white kerchief for



ARMOR WORN BY THE PILGRIMS IN 1620

the shoulders—was equally serviceable for the duties of the house and the outdoor work. Lace fringes and a few bows of ribbon made a fitting finish to one of the most tasteful of feminine costumes. There were no laws regulating their dress at any time, but of course plainness in everything was in accord with the prevailing opinion of the settlement.

Captain Standish and his musketmen had no especial uniform, but simply added the breast-plate, the sash or bandoleer to which were hung the little tubes holding charges for their guns, their weapons, and the fork or rest upon which the matchlock was supported in aiming. The military guard was later organized also so as to serve as a fire brigade—a necessary precaution in their thatched village.

As soon as their planting was well completed, and summer established, it was decided to return Massasoit's visit, but the Pilgrims sent only two representatives—Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins. Squanto went with them as guide and interpreter, and the two messengers carried as presents to the Indian chief a bright red coat and a copper chain and medal, and were instructed to find out where the Indians lived, how

many they were, and generally to survey the country round about.

There was a long message sent to Massasoit, announcing their wish that peace should continue, desiring friendship, but pointing out that they could not freely entertain crowds of Indians owing to their doubt whether their stores would hold out. They asked Massasoit to send the copper chain as a token to identify any special messenger of his own, and invited trade in skins. The Pilgrims also offered to pay for the corn they had dug up when they first arrived, and requested seed-corn in exchange for their own, so that they might use the best in future.

Their first stopping-place was in what is now the town of Middleborough, then called Namasket, a settlement fifteen miles from Plymouth. Here the Indians received them kindly and fed them on "a kind of bread" called by them "maizium"—made of Indian corn—and on shad-roë eaten with wooden spoons. Being asked to shoot at the crows that preyed on the corn-fields, one of the white men killed one at eighty yards, whereat the red men wondered, and no doubt understood the little lesson.

They resumed their journey, and by sunset had



gone eight miles further, where they saw Indians catching many bass by means of a net or weir in the river, and exchanged some of their provisions for the fish. The messengers then camped for the night in the fields, there being no houses, and went forward the next day, six Indians accompanying them. Crossing a river (the Taunton, at Squabetty), they were challenged by two old Indians, the only survivors of a settlement. With these braves they made peace, and gave them a bead bracelet, and received such food as the Indians had. The weather was hot, it being the middle of July, and the white men were glad to see how well watered the land was, so that a traveler could scarce be thirsty; though they noted that the Indians seldom drank except from springs. Throughout their journey, the Indians were attentive and kindly, doing everything to save the white men from fatigue or hardship, even offering to carry them over the fords.

As to the state of the country, the Pilgrims saw clearings everywhere, but these were overgrown with weeds, showing where settlements had been left desolate because of the plague. Few Indians were seen, but the guides were cautious, saying that they would not trust the Narra-

gansetts; whereupon the Pilgrims assured their allies that with muskets they would not hesitate to fight twenty of the enemy. None but friends were seen, however, and they arrived safely at Massasoit's town, only to find that he was away.

The Indian name of the town was Pokanoket, and it was upon the present site of Warren, Rhode Island, near the spring known as Massasoit's. The Pilgrims waited here while the chief was sent for. Squanto, when Massasoit was said to be approaching, asked that the guns should be fired, and one of the white men began to load, whereupon the squaws and children scampered into the woods, not to return till the awful weapon was put down and Squanto had told them there was nothing to fear.

Massasoit was received with a salute, and treated the white men kindly. He was delighted with the red coat and copper necklace, put them on, and was much admired by his subjects. He answered their message with promises of peace, an agreement to restrain the Indian visitors, and an offer to send corn. Then he made a speech counseling his followers to trade with the Pilgrims, and tired them by naming some thirty

towns subject to him, and directing each to send skins to Plymouth.

The peace-pipe was smoked, and general talk followed about the King of England, and about the French traders, until it was bedtime. The Indian chief could offer no supper to his guests, "being he came so newly home." Perhaps the white men's visit had broken up a hunting expedition.

The king's bed consisted of a few planks supported on saplings in forks raised a foot above the ground, on which was a thin mat; and the white men were invited to share in this luxury, which was crowded so that they "were worse weary of their lodging than of their journey."

The next day was passed by the Indians in gambling for skins and knives. The musketmen challenged the Indian archers to shoot at a mark, and when the challenge was declined, shot with bird-shot at a board, making the Indians wonder to see "the mark so full of holes." Massasoit this day shot two big fish, providing but a light meal for the forty who shared in it; so the Pilgrims had to buy a partridge from some of the Indians, having had but one meal in thirty-six hours.

As their native hosts had never been mean,

there must have been great scarcity of food in the Indian camp—which may well have been due to laziness. What with fasting, little sleep, the bothersome insects and vermin, and the noise of the savages “who used to sing themselves to sleep,” the two white envoys were glad to depart as soon as they could, “Massasoit being grieved and ashamed he could no better entertain” them. On their way home, also, they found little food could be had, subsisting upon parched corn, fish, and clams or mussels, and after being drenched in a violent thunderstorm they were heartily glad to find themselves again safe within their log huts at Plymouth, where they were better lodged and better fed than the Indian “king.”

In this embassy we know the names of the two men; but often we are told of expeditions without the names of those who take part. Soon after Winslow and Hopkins arrived, a boy, one of that troublesome Billington family, lost himself in the woods. An expedition went to recover him. Who were in it is not told, but it is fair to suppose that Captain Standish would be one of the party.

This was in August, 1621. They had learned from Indians that the boy had been found after

he had wandered five days in the woods living on berries, and that he was now in the hands of the Nausets, the Indians that had attacked them on their first landing.

The shallop was made ready and started with an armed party, no doubt commanded by Standish, though Winslow was present, for he writes the account. There was a heavy thunderstorm that afternoon, and they anchored near Cummaquid (now Barnstable), being there stranded by the fall of the tide.

In the morning some Indians appeared, seeking lobsters, and the white men were cordially invited ashore, and well treated. Here they saw an old squaw, whose three sons had been among those kidnapped by Hunt, and she wept bitterly upon meeting the Englishmen. The Pilgrims did their best to show they were not to blame for Hunt's crime, and assured the squaw of their pity, making her some little presents to cheer her.

This incident is enough to show that the "savages" were not without human feelings, and also that there was good reason why the Pilgrims were able to live in peace with their red neighbors, for kindness makes its way everywhere.

Remembering how valuable the possessions of

these white settlers must have seemed to the Indians,—their muskets, hatchets, swords, clothing, beads,—and how easy it would have been to starve them, we must praise the natives for their forbearance, especially as Hunt's kidnapping would have justified them in making war. Going on to the land of the Nausets, their shallop grounded, and here the missing boy was brought on the shoulders of an Indian who waded out through the shallows.

Peace was made with these, their only enemies, and two knives given as a reward for the return of the boy. But from these Nausets the Pilgrims learned a startling piece of news: a report that the hostile Narragansetts had raided Pokanoket, and taken Massasoit prisoner. As the ten men of this expedition were the strongest in the colony, they felt they must be off at once, in case the Narragansetts should make an attack. Besides, as Massasoit's allies, they were bound by their treaty to help him if they could.

They set sail, but met with baffling winds, and found they were short of water. The Indians did all they could to assist, even leading a party a long way through the woods at night, filling a cask for them, and then carrying it back to the

boat. At last they arrived at Plymouth, where they found some foundation for the rumor, though the news was exaggerated. Some of the sachems of Massasoit's tribe had been opposed to the treaty with the white men, and were trying to raise the Narragansetts to make an attack.

Squanto and Hobomuk, the latter a friendly chief, had gone to Namasket to find out what mischief was brewing, since it was reported that a chief of the Pocassets, named Corbitant, was there, trying to make trouble. Squanto was captured, and threatened with death by Corbitant, who said that if Squanto was killed the English would "lose their tongue." Hobomuk escaped, reported the danger of Squanto to Plymouth, and it was at once decided that Captain Standish should take ten men, march to Namasket (Middleborough, now) and rescue or avenge Squanto.

The Pilgrims saw that they must show themselves ready to fight for their friends, and must prove to their Indian neighbors that the English were allies worth having.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THEIR MILITARY EXPEDITIONS—THANKSGIVING FEASTING

ALTHOUGH Standish had been ready to take upon himself any duty for the benefit of the colony, and had been forward in exploring, and in enforcing order, this expedition for the rescue of Massasoit was the first seeming to promise battle with the Indians. Ten men were all his force, but the Indians had already shown much fear of the firearms, and it is not strange that Standish felt confident of victory. The Indians of those days, armed with bows and arrows tipped with bone, were a very different foe from the Indian riflemen of later years.

August 21, 1621, the force of ten men commanded by the little captain, and accompanied by Winslow, who always seems to be regarded as a wise adviser, set out. It was a showery day, and the men were no doubt soaked; but their



clothes were meant for rough wear, and by this time they had become used to wettings. They marched until within a few miles of Namasket, where the Indians were. Then they halted while the plan of attack was arranged. The account says that they thought it best to surround the house—that is, the Indian dwelling made of bent sticks covered with bark or skins—at midnight, and adds, “each was appointed his task by the Captain.” Which shows that Standish was a man who knew the value of military discipline, since with so small a force he was careful that the men should know just what was to be done, and should not get into one another’s way.

When night came on the Indian guide lost his way; and this was trying, for the little force were loaded down with their armor and heavy guns. This guide was Hobomuk, one of Massasoit’s sachems; and it certainly seems a little strange that he should have missed the way, since one of the Pilgrims (probably Winslow), who had been only once to Namasket, soon found the right direction. It may be that Hobomuk had lost heart in the expedition, though it is only fair to say that he afterward served the English with fidelity until his death.

When they were close to the town they sat down and ate the provisions they had carried in their knapsacks, and then threw aside everything that might hamper them in making their attack. They advanced and most of them surrounded the house, while one or two entered and demanded whether Corbitant was there.

The Indians, taken by surprise, were too frightened to reply, but made a rush to escape by a private doorway, whereby one or two were wounded. The rest were told to remain quiet, since the English had come only to take the chieftain who had tried to raise a revolt against Massasoit. When this was understood, the Indians said that Corbitant and his followers were gone, and that Squanto was uninjured. They offered tobacco to the white men to show their friendly disposition.

During the first attack two guns had been fired, and this terrified all the Indians except Squanto and another who were the Pilgrims' friends. These reassured the others that the white men meant no mischief and would not hurt them. There were women and girls in the house, and the English were so careful these should not be hurt that the Indian boys cried out "*Neen squaes,*"

meaning "I am a girl," and some of the Indian women clung to Hobomuk, calling him a friend. These were the actions of the real Indians of history; if they had been Indians in a romantic novel, they would have stood stoically silent, exhibiting no emotion as the Pilgrim soldiers beset their dwelling.

The English did not entirely trust the Indians, but made them build up a bright fire so that they could search every part of the house, and their guide Hobomuk climbed on the roof and called for Squanto and Tokamahamon, the two that had been sent from Plymouth and threatened by Corbitant. These and other Indians came, some armed with bows and arrows. But the Pilgrims disarmed their enemies, promising to return the weapons the next morning.

Having captured the house, the English held it, but let all the Indians go, explaining that they had come only to look after their friends threatened by Corbitant. Next morning they marched out into the middle of the Indian village, took breakfast at the house of Squanto, and were welcomed by all except those who had favored Corbitant. He and his friends had left.

To the friendly Indians the Pilgrims explained

that though they had not then captured Corbitant, he would never be safe from them if any harm came to Massasoit, or if Corbitant should fight against him, or should injure any of their Indian friends. They said also they were sorry that any of the Indians had been wounded, and that these should be cared for by the white men's doctor. A man and woman accepted this offer, and Squanto and many other Indians helped the English on their return by carrying their burdens.

They had been absent from Plymouth only from Tuesday morning until Wednesday night.

This expedition produced a great effect upon the Indians, and caused eight or nine chiefs before unknown to the Pilgrims to make a treaty of peace. Even Corbitant begged Massasoit to assure the Pilgrims that he desired friendship with them, which was readily granted, since the rumor that Massasoit had been captured by the Narragansetts was not true, and neither Squanto nor Tokamahamon had suffered any injury. The prompt invasion of an Indian village by an armed force had shown that these friendly settlers of Plymouth had no lack of courage, and the Indians recognized this; besides, the guns were terrible weapons, whose power was hardly known.

Govr. Bradford

Sir..... Mye journey  
to Massasoits lodge may  
be worth 16s. 4d. to your hum.  
- His servant.

Myles Standish

Newmouth Colonie

16 Janu<sup>y</sup> 1621.

While this impression was yet strong upon the minds of their neighbors, it was decided that Captain Standish should take his small band of warriors and make an expedition to the Indian villages situated around Massachusetts Bay. It had been said that these Indians were opposed to the white men, and the Pilgrims, seeing how quickly they had put an end to the schemes of Corbitant, probably thought it would be a wise move to know just what they had to expect from the Massachusetts tribe. If they could make peace, it would be best to do so; if there was to be trouble, they would become acquainted with the country, would know what dangers were to be met, and how best to meet them. The conduct of the settlers toward the Indians was prudent and brave throughout, and seems to have been wiser than that of the Virginians. It may be that they had learned something by the experiences of Captain John Smith and the Jamestown colonists.

The two vital mistakes in dealing with savage peoples are timidity and unfairness; and the Pilgrims had made neither.

On Tuesday, September 28, 1621, the party set out in their shallop, under the same leaders, Standish being captain and Winslow adviser.

They sailed at midnight with the tide, thinking they would arrive early the next morning, but they did not reach the bay until it was late, and so they dropped their anchor for the night, and did not land until Thursday morning.

Their landing was made near the point called Squantum, near Quincy, and it is believed that it was named for their Indian interpreter, who was with them on this expedition.

They found a number of lobsters piled together near the shore, and making a fire cooked them for breakfast, no doubt in accordance with the old soldiers' rule, "eat whenever you can when you are on a campaign." Two sentinels were then posted on the cliff to guard their boat, and they started inland. Two had been left at the shore, and Winslow's narration says that Standish took "a guide and four of our company," not stating what was done by the rest of the party.

The first native they met was a squaw, on her way to secure the lobsters upon which the Pilgrims had made their breakfast. They "contented her for them," and from her learned where her people were to be found. Squanto went on alone, and the rest went back to the shallop after

being told how to bring their boat near to the Indian settlement.

There is little said about their meeting with the chief of these Indians except the name of the sachem, Obbatinewat, and the statement, "though he lives in the bottom of the Massachusetts bay, yet he is under Massasoit." He received the party kindly and told them he dared not have any settled place for fear of the Tarratine Indians, who lived near the Penobscot River in Maine; he also feared another enemy, for the "Squaw sachem, or Massachusetts' queen, was hostile to his people."

When this uneasy crowned head was told of the alliances already made with the Plymouth settlement, he gladly agreed to join, and consented to guide them to the home of the Indian queen. They crossed the bay (from Quincy to Charlestown), noticing the many islands, and night coming on they once more anchored. Their Indian guides went ashore but could find no people, and the night was spent on the boat.

Friday morning, October 1 (N. S.), all but two to guard the boat marched inland armed. After going three miles they came to a field from which maize had been gathered not long before, and



saw a demolished house, but met no Indians. A mile further brought them to the ruins of the house where the chief had lived. It had been on top of a high mound, and erected upon a platform raised six feet above the ground. Near this was found a ruined fort or palisade,—poles set close and inclosing a space forty or fifty feet across and surrounded by trenches. Entrance was by means of a bridge, and the body of the chief lay within the frame of a house standing in the middle of the fortress.

Within a mile of this they found another deserted fort of the same sort, and were told that the chief had been killed here two years before.

These rude forts showed that the lives of the natives about Massachusetts Bay had been anything but peaceful; and that the people had been used to raids, the Pilgrims learned soon.

Halting at the ruined fort (where Medford now stands) the guides were sent on a scouting expedition to find the natives. The women of the tribe were found to have fled, carrying what food they could gather up, and tearing down their little houses. When the squaws saw the strangers treated them kindly, they cooked a meal of codfish and other things, and made them welcome.

Trading for beaver-skins began, and the squaws were so eager to sell that they sold even their clothing, after they had tied leafy boughs about themselves. The Pilgrims said that these women were more modest than some of the English women.

After promising to come again to trade for such skins as the Indians could collect, the English departed, having failed to meet any of the "braves"—who may have been hiding in the woods, or absent hunting, and being greatly impressed by the fair harbor, with its rivers and islands.

Provisions being short they sailed for home with a fair wind on a moonlight night, arriving on Saturday.

The settlement was now in a fairly prosperous state. There were about fifty remaining of the one hundred and two *Mayflower* passengers, and for these there were seven houses built along their main road, besides four public structures. These were the Common House, where their meetings were held, and three storehouses, for holding supplies. The crops had been successful, and they had gathered furs to send to England in payment for the money advanced by the merchants inter-

ested in the colony. They had cut timber for new buildings and for export. They had learned to fish and hunt, and the game was abundant.

As to the Indians, they had all proved faithful to the treaty of peace, and were more than friendly, so that the settlers went freely to their villages and welcomed them to Plymouth.

The alliance with the English had also brought about peace among the Indians themselves, and Winslow writes to a friend in England "we, for our parts, walk as peaceably and safely in the wood as in the highways in England,"—not too strong a statement, certainly, when we remember that highwaymen were far from rare even near the English cities, and that London streets were in those days none too safe after nightfall. Winslow then praises the climate as compared with that of England, and writes, "if we have once but horses and kine and sheep, I make no question but men might live as contented here as in any part of the world." A sentiment in which we Americans may certainly agree, even though the New England winters are often much more severe than that of 1621, the only one Winslow had seen when he wrote.

Winslow's account of their food certainly sug-

gests no hardship; he speaks of fish and fowl in great abundance, especially cod, lobsters, eels, mussels, clams, oysters, and of salads, grapes, berries, plums, and other fruit. These, with venison, leave nothing to regret but the beef, mutton, and pork to which they were used in England; and of these they were hardly likely to have had much in Holland.

In view of their good fortune Governor Bradford determined to have a season of rejoicing. Four men were sent out "fowling," and in one day secured game enough for a week. Then they gave themselves up to holiday making, no doubt having such sports as they had known in England, and especially a military drill and shooting-match.

To their festival came Massasoit with about ninety men, and all were entertained. The Indians contributed their share to the feasting by shooting five deer, which were presented to Governor Bradford, Captain Standish, and others not named, probably Winslow among them, for he always omits his own name when he can. Indeed, one cannot read the Pilgrims' own writings without a strong liking for them because of their modest good sense and lack of bragging.

This festival week is what is ordinarily described as the first Thanksgiving in New England, but there is nothing in the account to show that there was any intention of beginning an annual observance, or of establishing any special holiday, religious or secular. The Pilgrims gave thanks for their blessings at all times, and would hardly think it necessary to set apart a day for the purpose.

That the rejoicing became a national custom, and that this festival at Plymouth was the first instance, may be granted; but we must not get a wrong idea of the Pilgrims and their principles in regard to holidays.

There is, however, no doubt about the feasting. The women of Plymouth had plenty to do to prepare the dinners in their big fireplaces over the fires of glowing wood embers. Over the bed of red-hot cinders kettles were hung from chains fastened to an iron bar or bit of green wood that ran across the chimney, or pots and kettles with long legs were set on the fire itself. Meat was roasted by being hung before the fire on a chain, or on a spit, so it could be turned and basted. We have no list of the utensils brought from Holland and England, but we may be sure



GOVERNOR WINTHROP

the Pilgrim mothers took with them the most necessary iron ware for the kitchen, or iron from which gridirons, spits, hooks, and trivets could be made.

As for table-linen, it was cheap, and for dishes trenchers of wood served perfectly. Drinking vessels were of leather or wood (which John Alden, the cooper, could make), or rarely of pewter. Knives and wooden spoons were plenty.

No forks were there, the first being brought a dozen years later by Governor Winthrop; and they remained a rarity for a whole generation. There was a big dish or box of salt in the center of the table, with a cloth neatly spread over it. The wooden trenchers were about a foot square, hollowed into a bowl in the middle, and these remained in use for many years, as Captain Standish always used them at his table.

The diners sat on long benches without backs, and children were often made to stand during the whole meal, a custom that lasted until later than the days of the Pilgrims.

This account of the table gives us some idea of the daily life of the women, so far as it related to the cooking and dish-washing; the clothing of the family was another of their cares. As they

had been ashore only a year, no doubt there was still plenty of clothing brought from home; but the spinning-wheel, and the loom for weaving, must have been already in preparation if not in active use, for clothmaking was of course one of the staple industries of Holland, and must have been familiar to the Pilgrim women. Yet it is these very things which were to them every-day matters that are to us the most interesting part of their lives.

We should most enjoy, if we could be by some magic carried back into old Plymouth, the regular round of household duties. The expeditions to the Indians were much like similar things to-day in the lives of explorers. But how they ate and slept, dressed, amused themselves, worked without regular tools — that we should like to know to the minutest particular. Even the making of a quill-pen, the setting up of a loom, the cooking of their Indian corn, the handling of a matchlock or snaphance would be full of surprises.

It is a pity that some garrulous Pilgrim did not keep a diary even more minute than that of Samuel Pepys.



## CHAPTER IX

### NEW ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND — TROUBLE WITH THE NARRAGANSETTS

WE are taught by the accounts of school histories, and especially by Mrs. Hemans's often-quoted poem, to look upon the Pilgrims as landing upon a bleak and wintry coast, as living in constant dread of the Indians, and as surviving the first winter a mere remnant of terror-stricken wretches. But the historian who wished to represent the Pilgrims as exceptionally fortunate would find no lack of material proving them providentially guided and guarded. By a series of accidents, we find them choosing a tract of land for their settlement which had been depopulated by the plague. Thus they escaped exciting the hostility of the Indian proprietors in making their first settlement. The winter succeeding their landing, though it has suited the purposes of romancers to treat it as exceptionally

severe, was, on the contrary, mild so far as temperature was concerned, only what Goodwin calls "boisterous."

The perplexing question of interfering with Indian land titles is one which has only recently been properly understood. In the Elizabethan times, and later, it seems to have been taken for granted that when land was bought from the Indians, at no matter how small a price, all the claims of justice were satisfied. But more recent knowledge has convinced us that the Indians in America had no proper understanding of the sale of land as we think of it. Because of their life as hunters and fishermen they were accustomed every now and then to transfer their villages from one region to another, and they very naturally supposed that the white men desired the land only for brief occupation. Even the Massachusetts Indians, though they cultivated maize and seem to have kept somewhat strictly to allotted regions for each tribe, had no conception of transferring the title to their lands forever. But since the Pilgrim Fathers had settled upon lands which had belonged to a tribe practically extinct, their occupation of the Plymouth colony excited no hostility.

Another most fortunate happening was the presence of the English-speaking Indian, Squanto, who had been able to act as interpreter for them and thus to prevent the misunderstandings so usual when two contrasting civilizations meet. Besides these advantages, the many years which the *Mayflower* company had passed in Holland among foreigners had tended to bind them firmly together, and thus prepared them for their lack of neighbors in the wilderness.

From a coldly scientific point of view, even the hardship and illness that caused the death of half their number, may be looked upon as a benefit in making certain that among these progenitors of Americans there should be the fewest weaklings.

Edward Winslow stated in his letters home after the first winter that the climate was not very different from that of England. There was little snow, the harbor had not been frozen, and food being abundant they had no reason to look forward to the approach of their second winter with serious dread.

The Pilgrims had heard nothing from home, whether by that word we mean England or Holland, since the sailing of the *Mayflower*, now more than a year ago. We should naturally ex-

pect them, therefore, to hail with delight news that a ship had been sighted in the Bay. But when one of the Nauset Indians came to the settlement, bringing the news that a sail had been sighted, the intelligence was received with dismay. They believed that it was not likely that any new colonists would have come from England at such a time as to arrive just before the approach of winter. Consequently they thought this vessel was French and an enemy. At that time an enemy was as much to be dreaded as a pirate, and the colonists at once betook themselves to preparations for defense.

Captain Standish immediately ordered out his little military force of twenty men, among whom, it may be noted, was the ancestor of old John Brown of Ossawatomie. As soon as the sentry cried "Sail ho!" if we had been upon a lofty hill overlooking the settlement, we should have seen these soldiers rushing about to find their breast-plates, their matchlocks, their bandoleers, and then reporting one by one to Captain Standish, a short, wiry, erect military man whom we know, even by the brief accounts given of him, to have been something of a martinet. When his men were in line he would march them to the shore,

or possibly to the top of the hill where the cannon were, ready to repel any boats that might be sent from the approaching ship. But soon all cause for alarm disappeared, for from the flagstaff (called in those times "ancient-" or ensign-staff) was shaken out the English flag, and they knew they had nothing to fear. Still, it is likely that so wary a soldier as Standish did not give up all precautions merely at the sight of a flag, since it was a common trick to make an attack under a false flag. When, however, a boat had come ashore, it was discovered that the new-comer was the ship *Fortune*, which was sent to them by the "Adventurers" or English merchants who had invested funds in the colony.

The new ship had brought about thirty colonists, a good proportion of whom were young men. Among them may be mentioned Jonathan, a son of Elder Brewster, about twenty-eight; Philip de la Noye, who was nineteen; and John, a brother of Edward Winslow. De la Noye's name in course of time became changed to Delano, and he was the ancestor of the American family of that name. We may be sure that after four months at sea, two of which had been spent in the English Channel, these passengers were de-

lighted to come ashore, because we are told that they had greatly enjoyed landing at old Plymouth, in England, before crossing the ocean, even selling part of their clothing for spending-money in that town. A thing they must have especially enjoyed were the big log-fires in the great stone chimneyplaces. It is not likely that they had ever seen such big fires at home, and certainly they had not been comfortable on ship during their winter voyage, for the one way of warming ships, or, rather, passengers, in those days was by open fires upon a big hearth of stone or brick built on the deck for the purpose.

But, as usual, there is little recorded about minor matters in regard to the landing, most of the space in the old records being given to a long sermon preached by one of the new arrivals for the purpose of blaming the Pilgrims because they had not sent back a profitable cargo in the *Mayflower*, and because they had been unwilling to agree to certain articles proposed to them by the Adventurers relating to their labor for the benefit of the Company and to the ownership of plots in the settlement. A little later these matters were discussed in full, and the Pilgrims defended themselves for not having laden the *Mayflower* on the

ground that it was impossible for them to do more than sustain themselves this first year. As to the articles, they were finally signed.

But these business matters concerned only the leaders. Probably most of the colonists took little interest in them, but gathered eagerly about the new-comers, questioning them as to the news from the Old World. Among the subjects discussed must have been the issuing of copper money by the government in England, which during the Pilgrims' absence had been done for the first time. Hitherto copper had been used as currency only in the form of tokens issued by tradesmen. It is not likely that the publication of Francis Bacon's great work, the "*Novum Organum*," was of interest to them, though that was one of the great happenings of which the Pilgrims might then have heard. And they might, too, have been told of the trial of Bacon on charges of bribery, of his condemnation and imprisonment, though that was a misfortune which the great chancellor himself would have regarded as a blessing to English jurisprudence. To the Pilgrims the religious news brought by the new colonists would have been more interesting—the accession of a new Pope, the establishing of Episcopacy in Scot-

land, the breaking up of the Protestant Union in Europe, and the beginning of the great Thirty Years' War. The political news would have included the first skirmishes in the great struggle between King and Parliament which was the forerunner of civil war in England; and a happening sure to be told was the tearing out from the Journal of Parliament of the page containing their protest against King James's interference with free discussion of public matters. King James had sent for the records and had torn the page from the Journal with his own hands—an easy method of settling the matter, if it could have settled it.

The *Fortune* brought neither supplies nor weapons, adding to the strength of the colony nothing beyond the strong arms of the new arrivals. The Pilgrims, however, bearing in mind the protest of the Adventurers, took pains to load this second vessel with a valuable cargo for the merchants at home. Most valuable were the beaver-skins, of which they were able to despatch to England some three or four hundred. These weighed more than a pound each, and were valued at a pound sterling for the pound in weight. Next in importance came sassafras, which grew abund-



antly in the New World and was highly valued as a medicine in the Old. The rest of the cargo consisted mainly of lumber, especially of clapboards, and the vessel's load was valued at about twenty-five hundred dollars, which is equivalent to several times that amount to-day, possibly to ten thousand dollars.

A few words will conclude the story of the ill-fated *Fortune*, for, sailing two days before Christmas, she was captured by the French when she had almost reached England and was pillaged, many of her company being imprisoned. Her coming had hardly been a blessing to the colonists, especially since they had to spare from their slender stock of provisions enough food to support her company on the homeward voyage. Thus their store was diminished as their number increased, and at a meeting of their rulers held soon after the vessel sailed it was decided that it was necessary to put every one on half rations in order that they might not run out of food before more could be had.

It has been said that the new-comers were less serious-minded than the original colonists, and an amusing little incident will illustrate this. Two days after the *Fortune* sailed came Christmas, but

the Pilgrims of course paid no attention to the day, going to their work in the woods as usual. A few of the younger arrivals went to Governor Bradford and told him that their consciences would not allow them to work on Christmas Day. Whereupon the governor, courteously assuring them that he would not cause any man to act against his conscience, started with the rest of the company, leaving the young men in the settlement. When the workers returned for their noon meal they found that these young gentlemen, whose consciences had troubled them, had started a few merry games in the street of the settlement, one being stool-ball, an early form of cricket, and the other being a sport like the modern one of pitching a bar. Governor Bradford seems to have been a man of as much humor as good sense, for, instead of any outbreak of temper, he is said to have called the young men to him and to have assured them that he also had certain scruples of conscience, one of which was that he could not bear to see a part of the company playing while the rest were at work. He said, therefore, that during the afternoon these athletic young gentlemen might have the choice whether to devote themselves to the ordinary work of the

settlement or to go to the meeting-house for religious services in honor of Christmas Day.

No doubt this is amusing, but does it not also give an excellent idea of the hard sense of these old Pilgrim Fathers?

Going so freely about the settlement, the neighboring Indians were well aware of all that took place in regard to the colonists. They must have known that the food supply was short, they had seen that no strong reinforcement had come in the *Fortune*, and they well knew how few armed men the colony could furnish. They began to make threats of attacking the colony. We do not know what made them hostile. Possibly their enmity may have been excited by Squantum, as we shall see later that he was trying to make himself important to the Indians on the pretext that the white men would do exactly as he advised them. Consequently it was his custom to threaten with the white men's vengeance any Indians who displeased him. Whatever the cause, Winslow, the Pilgrims' historian, writes that it was "the common talk of the Indians on all sides that the strong tribe of Narragansetts were intending to attack the settlement." That this was true there was soon certain proof, for one day came an Indian

messenger from their sachem inquiring for Squantum. The Indian interpreter was away, and the messenger was asked to wait for his return. The Indian refused, and instead left for Squantum a bundle of arrows around which had been wrapped the skin of a rattlesnake. Governor Bradford wished to detain the messenger, and committed him to the custody of Captain Standish. But Standish, as has been said, was something of a martinet, and did not at all like to break the rules of civilized warfare by treating a messenger or herald with disrespect. Indeed, Standish was not willing to do more than detain him for a brief time.

From this Indian it was learned that the reason for the hostility of the Chief of the Narragansetts was to be found in the treachery of a messenger formerly employed by Bradford to carry presents to that chief. For some reason this messenger had held back the presents and had done all in his power to excite the chief's ill-will against the English, who were represented as receiving presents from the Indians without making any proper return. It was decided then, much to Standish's satisfaction, that the chief's messenger should be released with a full explanation of how

the trouble had arisen, and with assurances that the English desired peace, though they were not afraid of war. Food was offered to the Narragansett messenger, but he refused it, and went off in great haste as if thankful to escape.

Upon the return of Squantum the meaning of the token from the Chief of the Narragansetts was explained; but, indeed, one wonders why any man of intelligence should have found it necessary to inquire the meaning of the message. The bundle of arrows would have meant, even to an ancient Roman or Egyptian, warfare—especially as the Indian barbed war-arrow was easily distinguished from the hunting-arrow with its rounded sides. As to the rattlesnake-skin, it is the most remarkable characteristic of this snake that ordinarily it will not attack without first giving warning. Knowing these facts, it ought not to require great intelligence to translate the skin and the shafts into a warning of intended warfare.

Governor Bradford concluded that the proper answer to the message would be conveyed if the snake-skin were stuffed with powder and ball and returned to the Indian chief. But it was learned afterward that the Indian was even more puzzled by these tokens than the Pilgrims had been by his

own. In fact, no one of the Indians dared meddle with the wonderful "medicine" of the white men, and it was handed along from one to another, each glad to get rid of it, until finally it came back to the settlement.

Meanwhile, the challenge having been accepted, the colonists hastened to put Plymouth in a state to resist any possible attack. In a little over a month, they built a strong palisading entirely around the settlement, including the hill upon which the cannon had been posted. Their fortifications covered half a mile in length and were built in five weeks—by no means a small labor, being at the rate of seventy-five feet a day. At each corner of their fortress was a tower or bastion, so loopholed as to permit them to enfilade the walls between the towers—that is, command them with their musketry.

Standish arranged his military force into companies, appointed a leader for each, and instructed them to look first to him for orders, and in his absence or disability to their separate commanders. All this might have been done by any military man, but another precaution showed that Standish had gathered some information as to the methods of Indian warfare. He knew that it was a favorite device to discharge blazing arrows so

as to set fire to the houses. For this he provided by appointing a company of men, who, upon any warning of fire, were at once to surround the threatened building, to face outward, and stand ready to repel any attack. It is a striking proof of his far-sightedness that he also instructed the men that any one of them whose own house was seen to be on fire was to consider himself excused from duty in the fire-brigade, so that he might save his own possessions. In this way he made certain that panic would not interfere with his method of meeting alarms of fire.

Having thus provided, so far as possible, against any sudden Indian attack, the question was whether they should sit down within their fortifications and await any movement on the part of the Indians or whether they should carry out their intended plans, as usual. The matter was fully discussed by the governor, his assistant, Allerton, and Standish; and they concluded that since their plan of always presenting a bold front to the Indians had hitherto been successful, it would be wisest to carry out their intention of making an expedition to the Indians about Boston Bay for the purpose of procuring, if possible, further supplies of food.

In reading the annals of the Plymouth Colony

we learn that it was not by accident the colonists were able to form a permanent settlement. The counsels of their leaders were wisely adapted to every emergency as it arose, and the advice and commands of the men in authority were loyally followed by the colonists. Of these leaders, Standish was by no means the least. Whenever there is mention of a council being held, his name is ever among the foremost; and in practical matters, he seems to have been implicitly trusted.

So far there had been opportunities mainly for his prudence, but in events soon to come we shall see him as ready in action as he had shown himself wise in council.



## CHAPTER X

### TRADING EXPEDITIONS AND THE WEYMOUTH COLONY

WHEN Governor Bradford, Allerton, his assistant, and the rest of the Council had concluded to carry out the expedition to the Indians about Boston Bay, Captain Standish was ordered to prepare and command it. The party consisted of eleven colonists and the two Indians, Squantum and Hobomuk. As it was nearly fifty miles to the settlement of the Indians, they decided to go in their shallop. But hardly had they cleared their harbor and come opposite to Gurnet Point, when the wind failed them, and it became necessary to take to their oars. They threw out their grapnel in order to take down their sail and get ready to row, when they heard three guns fired from the fortifications on shore. Captain Standish knew that this was the alarm-signal, and they made all haste back to the settlement.

On approaching shore, they saw that all the men were under arms, as if expecting an attack. Landing, they learned that shortly after their departure, one of Squantum's family had come running from the open country with the alarm that an Indian attack was threatened. This Indian displayed a wound in the face that was still bleeding, and announced that there was a hostile party making ready to attack the settlement, and that he had just escaped from them. The hostile party he declared to be under the command of Massasoit and Corbitant. The settlers whom he met first were in the corn-fields, since he had come from toward the Indian settlement at Namaschet—what is now Middleborough, almost directly west of Plymouth. When Standish arrived and his party were told the circumstances, great was the indignation of Hobomuk. He declared that he himself was a Pinese, or chieftain, under Massasoit, and that it was impossible an attack should be intended without his being told of it. By his advice, Governor Bradford sent Hobomuk's wife to Massasoit's town to see whether there were any signs of an intended attack. It was not long before the squaw returned, assuring the governor everything was quiet in the town, and

that upon her informing Massasoit of the rumor, he had been much offended. The chief told her to assure the governor that he thanked him for his belief in his good-faith, and that before any hostilities he would give the white men warning.

So ended the alarm, but it set upon foot certain inquiries that resulted in exposing Squantum as a mischief-maker. Owing to his position as interpreter, Squantum had thought he saw an opportunity to make himself the most important of all the Indians, both among the colonists and among his own people. He had been in the habit of threatening Indians for whom he had a dislike with the wrath of the white settlers, claiming that such was his influence he could obtain forgiveness for those who offended. In order to make himself of more importance to the colony, he was anxious to foment trouble with Massasoit, hoping that hostilities would leave him the only means of communication with the Indians.

One of Squantum's tricks to impress Hobomuk was the means of his undoing. The colonists had buried some casks of gunpowder in the settlement, and Hobomuk, seeing the place, had asked Squantum what was buried there. Squantum told him that this was where the white men

kept the plague, which they were able at will to send upon the Indians, implying that it would be sent against any Indians who were enemies of the white men. Luckily, Hobomuk had too much good sense to believe the story, but went at once and asked some of the settlers, who told him that there was no truth in Squantum's story, but that the plague was controlled by the God of the white men, who was able to send it against their enemies.

It was such experiences as this that made Hobomuk distrust Squantum, and enabled him to expose his pretended Indian attack. Squantum was severely rebuked by Governor Bradford, but could not be dispensed with, as he was their only interpreter. The governor also sent word to the Indians that they need have no fear of the white men unless they should first begin hostilities.

The expedition was then resumed, and in spite of stormy weather, was fairly successful in trading. Upon Standish's return he found that Massasoit had come to Plymouth, made full inquiry in regard to Squantum's treachery, and had departed greatly enraged with him. Shortly after Massasoit had left, there came an Indian messenger to the governor to say that Squantum

deserved to die, and asking that he should be sent to be put to death. Governor Bradford admitted the strict justice of the claim, but begged the culprit might be spared because he was so useful to the colony.

With this answer the messenger departed, but apparently it did not satisfy Massasoit, for he soon returned, accompanied by several others who brought Massasoit's own knife and the chief's orders that they should cut off Squantum's head and hands and bring them to him. They carried also a number of beaver-skins to buy Bradford's consent to the execution.

Bradford said that it was not their custom to sell men's lives, but he sent for Squantum to make his defense. Though knowing that his life was in danger, the Indian yielded himself to the governor, declaring that Hobomuk was the author and worker of his overthrow. Sorely against his will, Governor Bradford decided he ought to deliver Squantum to the Indians, but at that very moment, it was reported that there was a boat in sight in the harbor.

Governor Bradford had heard rumors of a combination between the French and the Indians, and thinking that the boat might contain French-

men and possibly indicate an attack on the colony, he dismissed Massasoit's messengers, telling them that he must make inquiry in regard to the boat before handing Squantum over. Whereupon the messengers departed in a rage. When the boat had come to shore, it was discovered that it belonged to a ship sent out by Thomas Weston, who was one of the merchants originally interested in the Plymouth colony. The merchant sent certain letters which contradicted one another. Those dated earliest expressed great interest in the colony and promised them provisions, but the later letters, delivered at the same time, showed that he had sold out his interest and was engaged in an attempt to establish a colony of his own. Seven men intended for this new colony had come in the boat, and were landed at Plymouth, with the cool request that they should be cared for until the main body arrived.

There was also in the boat a letter to the Plymouth colony from one John Huddleston, telling them that there had been an attack by Indians made upon the Virginia colony, and warning them, therefore, to be on their guard. This letter was so kind in its tone that the colonists resolved to apply to the writer for help in their destitution.

Weston's ship was at Monhegan with a fishing-fleet, and since the Plymouth colony had now run very short of provisions, it was determined that Edward Winslow should take their shallop and visit the fleet in the hope that they might procure a supply. The expedition required a journey, both ways, of nearly two hundred and fifty miles, and would not have been undertaken if the colonists had not been in great straits.

Edward Winslow, in order to explain the shortness of provisions, reminds us that with them the plentiful season of the year was from October to March, and that it was now May. They could not procure many birds, and though there was an abundance of fish, they lacked proper nets and lines for catching them. They were compelled, therefore, to live mainly upon shell-fish. To their own company had been added the seven men sent by Weston without provisions for their support. The colonists had already been on short rations for nearly half a year, and now their storehouse was empty. But Winslow was most kindly received by the men of the fishing-fleet, who generously declined all pay for the few provisions they could spare and urged one another to a competition in generosity. Undoubt-

edly, the ship-bread thus obtained proved the salvation of the colony, for even after Winslow's short absence he could see that subsistence on the fish diet alone had much reduced the colonists' strength.

Winslow brought back so little ship-bread that only a quarter of a pound a day, doled out by the governor, could be spared for each person, but it was enough to keep them alive until the next harvest. They could not, even though food was so sorely needed, give all their attention to the raising of corn, because they thought the news from Virginia made it necessary to strengthen their fortifications. They built a good timber fort, "both strong and comely," and mounted their cannon upon it. What with the work upon this fort and the weakness of the men, owing to short rations as well as their ignorance of the way to raise the Indian corn, they did not secure a large harvest. Another cause for the small yield was the fact that during the summer Weston's expedition arrived in the two ships, the *Charity* and the *Swan*, which brought fifty or sixty settlers of a very poor quality. These men pretended to assist in raising the crop, but all the chroniclers state that they devoted themselves with the most



avidity to eating the green corn and abusing the Pilgrims, their hosts.

No doubt the Pilgrim settlers hailed with delight the return of Weston's explorers, who had sailed in the *Swan* (for the *Charity* had gone to Virginia) to select a site for the new colony, and who, after six weeks' absence, came to carry away Weston's men. Some of these, however, were sick, and remained at Plymouth, being kindly cared for and treated by the Pilgrims' surgeon, Dr. Fuller. The treatment given to these ne'er-do-wells of the Weymouth colony — for it was at Weymouth that the new-comers finally settled — ought to convince us that there was neither meanness nor hardness of heart in the conduct of the Plymouth settlement. Governor Bradford said of Weston's company: "They are so base in condition, for the most part, as in all appearance not fit for honest men's company"; and yet everything was done to make them comfortable.

Among the events of this same summer were the arrivals of two more ships, the *Sparrow*, and the *Discovery* commanded by Captain Jones, the master of the *Mayflower*. The coming of this second ship proved very important, as it enabled the Plymouth settlers to obtain, in exchange for

furs and the products of the colony, beads and such other things as were used in trading with the Indians, and for these they could always obtain food.

After the harvest was gathered, it was seen that they must still be kept upon short rations; and it was decided once more to trade with the Indian towns southward of Plymouth. A sort of partnership for this purpose was formed with the Weston settlement, and two attempts were made to pass the shoals south of Cape Cod. Captain Standish was with the first of these expeditions, which was a failure, and at the time the second attempt was made the captain was suffering from an attack of fever, and Governor Bradford went in his place. Though they did not get far south, they were able to obtain, by trading, eight hogsheads of corn and beans from the Indians near where is now Chatham, on Cape Cod.

There were other expeditions of the same sort, several of which were successful. But a severe misfortune overtook the colonists in the death of Squantum, who died of a fever shortly after he had secured the provisions from the Indians near Chatham. A voyage to Boston Bay proved to be most discouraging of all, since it was found that

the bad management of the colonists at Weymouth had irritated the Indians and raised their prices for all commodities. It was also found that the plague was prevalent among the Indians, and little business could be done with them.

At length, they secured a large quantity of corn and beans at Nauset (now Eastham), but while they were trafficking, a storm carried off their shallop, and they were compelled to stack their provisions and hire an Indian to guard them. The Pilgrims had to make their way home afoot, fifty miles, not being able then to carry home any of their supplies.

But with all they could procure from the Indians, they began to think there would not be enough to support them until a new harvest, and Goodwin, the historian, ends his account of the year 1622 by saying: "Another famine was evidently to come with the summer. Weston's men were arousing a hostile feeling among the Massachusetts tribes, trade was at a standstill, and the prospect for the new year appeared discouraging."

But we may at least rejoice in the fact that Captain Standish soon recovered from his illness, for he was to prove very helpful to the colony in

their forthcoming troubles. By the first month of the new year, he was sufficiently strong to set out in the remaining boat in the hope of recovering the one which had been wrecked. With him went the *Swan*, and by the aid of the ship's carpenter the wrecked shallop was put in order, and two stacks of corn prepared two months before were brought to Plymouth upon the large ship. On the way home both shallops were almost lost again, for they had to be cut adrift in a storm. But, fortunately, after the storm had subsided, they were picked up uninjured.

While Standish was ashore, making arrangements for transporting the corn, the shallop was left in a creek not far away, and one of the Indians, seeing it unguarded, stole from the boat certain beads, scissors, and other trifles. As soon as he discovered his loss, Captain Standish went boldly to the Indian chief, made complaint, and insisted that the stolen property should be returned to his own encampment on the shore.

Next morning, the Indian sachem arrived early, accompanied by some of his principal men. After an awkward attempt to imitate English methods of salutation, about which he had learned something from Squantum, the Indian chief re-

turned the stolen property, explaining that the offender had been soundly beaten, and expressed his sorrow for the theft, and his desire to be friends. He also caused the squaws to prepare food for the English, and altogether behaved in the most honorable manner.

There were several other expeditions undertaken for the purpose of procuring food, and in each of these were various happenings, but none of sufficient importance to be told at length. Once the shallop was frozen in the ice; at another time the Pilgrims believed they were about to be attacked, and set guards all night; and again an Indian stole some of the trading-goods and was compelled to restore his booty, Standish at once going to the cabin of the chief, according to his custom, and demanding restitution.

But the most serious event took place about the middle of March, when Standish went in the shallop to carry home some corn the governor had bought two months before. The captain and his men were received with almost open hostility, which was explained upon the arrival of a boastful Indian named Wituwamat, a Neponset Indian. This man made a speech, claiming to have slain both English and Frenchmen, and holding

them up to contempt because, he declared, "they died crying and making sour faces, more like children than men." This happened at Manomet (near Sandwich). The sachem of the tribe was called Canacum. Wituwamat presented to the sachem a dagger which he had obtained from the colonists at Weymouth. There was much of his speech which Captain Standish, though he had become the best linguist among the colonists, was unable to understand. It was not until afterward that they learned the general purport of what he said. In brief, his speech related to a plan among many of the Indians to destroy the Weymouth colony, and also that at Plymouth, for fear lest the other white men would take vengeance for the destruction of Weston's colony.

Evidently, the project was liked by Canacum, for he showed so little consideration toward Standish that the captain was driven to complain. Nevertheless, they tried to persuade him to pass the night there, with all his men. Captain Standish, however, for some reason, was suspicious, refused their invitation, and insisted that the squaws should, as agreed, carry the corn to his boats.

One of the Indians who had always been

friendly to the white men made them a present of food, and received permission to pass the night at their camp. It was learned afterward that he meant to kill the English leader.

The night was very cold, and Captain Standish, being unable to sleep, rose and walked about the fire. The Indian asked him why he did not sleep as usual, and Standish replied, "He knew not well, but he had no desire to rest." Even when they set out for home the next morning, the Indian still hoped for an opportunity to slay the captain, and tried to induce him to go to Pamet, this Indian's home, saying that he had plenty of corn there, and pretending to be anxious to supply the colonists.

Once Standish even started toward Pamet with the treacherous Indian, but was forced to return by unfavorable wind, and so gave up the trip, which probably would have led to the destruction of his whole party. Even the suspicious captain did not suspect this intended treachery at the time.

## CHAPTER XI

### STANDISH FIGHTS THE INDIANS

WE know from the references to Captain Standish by both friends and enemies that he was small in stature, with red hair, and with the quick temper that belonged to his complexion. From our reading of his life, we may judge that he was quick-witted, bold, resourceful, and prudent. But in spite of all these qualities, the captain was either very lucky or else was watched over by a providence greater than his own foresight, for there were many times that he owed his preservation to what seems the merest accident.

Thus, in this expedition, he was saved by his wakefulness from being killed by Wituwamat at their camping on the way home to Plymouth; and the unfavorable winds kept him from a visit to Wituwamat, and thus again saved his life.

The colony, too, seemed as fortunate as their captain, as will be shown by their escape from a



conspiracy to massacre them; and this escape they owed to the kindness they showed their Indian friend, Massasoit.

When Standish reached the settlement he learned that the governor and council and their followers were much troubled by a report that Massasoit was dying or dead, and that a Dutch vessel was aground near his village at Sowams.

Either piece of news was enough to make them eager to learn all the particulars. If Massasoit were dead, they thought that Corbitant would be sachem, and they feared he was unfriendly ever since they had sent to rescue Hobomuk and Squanto from him. As to the Dutch ship, it must not be forgotten that their long residence in Leyden had made them regard the Hollanders as next to Englishmen in their friendship.

It was urged also that the report as to Massasoit might be exaggerated, and if he were merely sick, the Indian custom required that all his friends should show their interest by visiting him and offering aid. Edward Winslow was directed or chosen to lead the party, and with the interpreter, Hobomuk, an Englishman called "John Hamden," and several others, Winslow made all haste to reach Massasoit's town. This

Hamden, it has been argued, may have been the celebrated John Hampden who is famous as the defendant in the "ship-money" trials at the beginning of the English revolution. Winslow calls him "one, Master John Hamden (a Gentleman of London; who then wintered with us and desired much to see the country)." But there is no proof that this is the famous English patriot.

The party were two days on the way, camping over night with the Indians at Namasket (Middleborough, now); and, coming next day early in the afternoon to a "ferry," as Winslow says, they fired a gun to call for the Indians to paddle them over. These Indians reported Massasoit dead and to be that day buried; and said that the Dutch ship had been cleared.

Hobomuk wished to go back; but Winslow thought it wiser to go on, and Hamden was "willing to that or any other course that might tend to the general good." So on they went, Hobomuk breaking forth in speeches full of grief for Massasoit and praises of his good qualities. Though Winslow believed Massasoit dead, he considered it wise to go to the home of Corbitant.

But there was no news to be had from Corbitant's squaw, and the chief was absent, having

gone to Massasoit's town; so Winslow sent a messenger, and by sunset had learned that Massasoit still lived, though he was thought to be dying. They resumed their journey at once.

Arrived at Sowams, they could hardly crowd into the chief's house, since all the Indians had thronged to the dying Massasoit. The Indian doctors were "making such a hellish noise as it distempered us that were well; and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick." Nothing could be done till this ended, but when quiet came, Massasoit was told the English were come to see him, and seemed much touched. Winslow tells the story of the interview in full, but it must be summarized here, since it does not directly relate to Captain Standish.

By means of some simple remedies, especially that valuable one known as cleanliness, Winslow was able to help the old chief greatly, and at last to leave him practically cured. In return for this kindness, Massasoit, in a private talk with Hobomuk warned the Plymouth men that a most dangerous conspiracy against all the English was about to break out.

Convinced by Winslow's good offices that the Plymouth English were well disposed, Massasoit

advised that they at once take action against the leaders of the conspiracy, for their own protection. For although the Indians bore malice mainly against the Weston colony, yet Plymouth was to be included in the massacre, both to increase the plunder and to make sure that the Pilgrims might not avenge any injury done to the colony at Weymouth. All this Hobomuk told Winslow as soon as they left Sowams, and with the news Winslow hurried home.

This happened just before the annual election, and the matter was laid before the whole body of colonists. After full discussion it was decided that their only safety lay in the course recommended by Massasoit—striking the first blow. There were several happenings confirming the old chief's story, and the governor told Standish to set out for Weymouth and take measures to nip the conspiracy in the bud.

The captain decided to take only eight men lest the Indians should suspect his purpose, and with this small force he set sail, on April 4, 1623, arriving without delay at Weymouth. An Indian spy came at once to find out the Englishmen's purpose, and though he was courteously received, Captain Standish's pretense of trading did not de-

ceive him. It was learned afterward that the spy had reported that though the captain's words were peaceful his eyes showed he "was angry in his heart," and the conspirators suspected their plans were known. Not long before Standish's departure a Weymouth colonist, Phineas Prat, had come into Plymouth to report how weak the Weymouth people were and how they were maltreated by the Indians. Now the Indians had learned of Prat's going and had sent a runner to slay him, but Prat wandered from the right trail, and thus escaped; while his pursuer went beyond Plymouth and then returned, whereupon Governor Bradford imprisoned him in the hardly finished fort to await Standish's return. The conspirators may have believed that Prat had given warning at Plymouth.

But they were exceedingly bold, and addressing Hobomuk, the ringleader Pecksuot said he understood Standish was come to kill them. "Tell him," Pecksuot declared, "we know it; but fear him not, neither will we shun him. Let him begin when he dare; he shall not take us unawares." They also bragged that they would slay the English, and openly whetted their knives for the work.

Pecksuot was taller than Standish, and re-

marked that though the Englishman were a great captain yet he was a little man; while he (Pecksuot) was "no sachem, yet a man of great strength and courage." Winslow tells all this, and adds: "These things the Captain observed, yet bore with patience for the present."

Apparently Standish was hoping to bring a number of the leaders together so that he might strike many at once; but the chance did not come. On the second day, however, Pecksuot and Wituwamat (the same who had tried to take Standish at a disadvantage before) were with another Indian of full age and Wituwamat's brother, an Indian youth of about eighteen, in a room with Standish and four of his followers.

The captain thought his chance had come, and gave the signal for attack. The door was shut, and Captain Standish sprang upon Pecksuot. Snatching the Indian's knife, after a long struggle the little Englishman killed the big leader while the two men were slain by the rest. The Indian boy was captured and hanged. "It is incredible," Winslow writes, "how many wounds these two Pineses received before they died; not making any fearful noise [cries of fear], but catching at their weapons and striving to the last."

Hobomuk took no part, but when all was over praised Captain Standish for his victory, recalling Pecksuot's boast and saying: "I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

A few more Indians were slain at Weymouth, and then the town was cleared of them; and Standish led his little force out after the retreating enemy. A file of Indians came to meet them, and there was a skirmish in the woods. The first advantage was secured by the English, who seized upon a small hillock toward which both were hurrying. The Indians got behind trees, while arrows and bullets flew through the air, with hard words in plenty.

Captain Standish told their chief to cease his foolish talk and come out and fight like a man, but the chief would not.

Hobomuk became a favorite target, which angered him. The Indians held the Pineses in much respect and fear. Knowing this, Hobomuk suddenly cast aside his coat or cloak and charged upon the enemy single-handed, putting them to so rapid a flight that the English could not come up with them. One of the flying Indians halted to take a shot at Standish, but the captain and "another" (probably Winslow) shot at him and

broke his arm. The enemy retreated and hid in a swamp.

The war was over. Returning to Weymouth, Standish released the captive Indian women, and discussed the future of the settlement there. Morton's people were thoroughly frightened and made up their minds to abandon their homes, seeking a passage to England in the fishing vessels at Monhegan. The plucky captain tried to shame them into remaining, saying he "durst remain there with fewer men"; but since his orders were to permit them to do as they chose, he shared with them the little corn he had, saving only enough to take him home. A few chose to come back with the captain to Plymouth, but most set sail in the *Swan* for Monhegan.

Then the shallop returned to Plymouth, bringing the head of Wituwamat as a trophy and sign of victory. So ended the campaign.

It was a bloodthirsty proceeding, but necessary for the salvation of Plymouth. The Pilgrims in their accounts of this little war are at great pains to justify themselves for their severity. One cannot see that they could have done otherwise. The bad management of the Weymouth settlers caused the trouble, and except for Standish's bold



attack all the English would have perished, as was shown by the confessions of the Indians themselves after the conspiracy was overthrown.

John Robinson, their Leyden clergyman, wrote a letter to Bradford expressing his fear lest Captain Standish had been led somewhat by a love of military glory or a thirst for slaughter; but the kindly old man simply did not know what he was writing about. In this, as in most of their actions, the Plymouth settlers had shown hard-headed common-sense. If they had been a set of canting visionaries, their history would have been perhaps a noble example of martyrdom but certainly a short and tragic story. The guidance of Bradford, Winslow, and Standish was prudent and successful, and they never forgot that they were founders of a colony as well as devotees of a faith.

The method of suppressing the conspiracy was just that which would quickest impress the Indians. It was bold, aggressive, and Indian-like. The killing of Pecksuot by Standish in a personal combat and with the brave's own knife was sure to be recounted in every Indian village and home, and insured the little captain's fame.

The Indian whom Bradford had imprisoned in

the fort was released and charged with a message to the hostile chiefs explaining that the fight was not the Englishmen's fault, demanding the release of certain white men detained from Weymouth, and warning the Indians not to destroy that settlement. These captives had been killed, but in everything else the chief was willing to carry out their directions, as the English learned from an Indian squaw who was the only messenger who dared come from the Massachusetts tribe to Plymouth. The rest of the tribes in the conspiracy were also cowed, and many abandoned their settlements for the inaccessible swamps, suffering much in consequence.

Plymouth's dangerous foe was famine, and it being now time for planting, all betook themselves to the fields with the slender stock of seed-corn. The plan of planting in common was now abandoned to some extent, and each household was allowed to labor for its own benefit. This proved a great inducement, and set every one, even women and children, busily to work. All seemed going well when a drought of six weeks prevailed, "turning their joy to mourning." At the same time news came of a disaster to a ship sent to their relief, and even the bravest began to despair.

A day of prayer was appointed, and for eight hours service was held. Next day came the rain, lasting two weeks in gentle showers, so that "it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived. Such was the bounty and goodness of our God," Winslow writes. The Indians considered this providential relief a striking proof of the power of the Englishmen's religious observances.

Meanwhile Captain Standish had been sent by Bradford to get provisions, and had met with some success, though we have no particulars of his journey.

Another service was appointed, to give thanks for their blessings, among which they counted news that the ship meant to aid the colony, though forced to return to England three times, was soon to make a fourth attempt to reach them.

In July, 1623, this ship, the *Anne*, arrived, and within ten days a second, the pinnace *Little James*. These brought a hundred new colonists, including a number from Leyden. An arrival that greatly interested Captain Standish was a young woman by the name of Barbara whose last name is not known. She was the sister of the captain's wife Rose, and it is said that he had sent

for her with the intention of making her his second wife. At all events, Captain Standish soon became her husband, and, so far as we know, lived happily with her ever after.

And here it may be well to make some reference to the tradition Longfellow has elaborated into his poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It is no more than a tradition, there being no reference to it in any of the original records; yet, if true, we should not be likely to know of it in any other way than by tradition. That Priscilla Mullins should be courted by the captain and by the young cooper John Alden is likely enough. The only unlikely part of the story is that representing Captain Standish as sending Alden to do his courting for him. This does not seem like the plucky captain, who was already a widower, and not a bashful youth. But we may, if we choose, believe the story, recollecting always that even if it be true it is no more than a bit of ancient gossip that has given rise to a number of stories, poems, and pictures, few of which give us any just idea of the Pilgrims, of Plymouth, or of the condition of affairs in the colony. There is no harm in romance except when it gives us wrong ideas of the facts of history—which, rightly

studied, are often more romantic than the fictions based upon them.

· The new-comers in the *Anne* found some unpleasant surprises awaiting them. They could hardly have expected great abundance of food among their friends at Plymouth, but to be welcomed to tables where there was nothing better than fish and cold water caused a sudden regret for the good fare of England or Holland. Some wept and lamented their fate, but others consoled themselves by the reflection that at least they had found all the American settlers in good health and spirits.

The *Anne* was soon loaded with furs and timber, and departed again for England, to the relief of the older settlers, for they were always most at ease when there were none but their own people about Plymouth.

The shortage of provisions had been always their main trouble, and next to that came uncertainty about the Indians. The expedition of Standish to Weymouth had set their minds at rest so far as the natives were concerned; and when the harvest of 1623 was gathered it proved so plentiful that fear of famine ceased—never again to threaten.

There was only one more notable happening this year. Certain sailors who came ashore from the *Paragon* and the *Swan* to celebrate "Guy Fawkes's Day," built too large a fire in one of the houses. Sparks dropped on the thatch and three or four of the cabins were burned. The storehouse was saved by covering it with wet blankets, and this saved also the colony, for all their provisions were threatened with destruction.

December 27, 1623, a law was made establishing trial by jury — the first statute entered in the records of the colony.

## CHAPTER XII

### DISSENSIONS IN PLYMOUTH

IT must not be thought that the stockholders in the enterprise of founding Plymouth were all heartily in sympathy with the manner of conducting affairs in the new colony. Many of them were Puritans who were much opposed to the Pilgrims because of their "Separatist" doctrines. These men were constantly criticizing the management of affairs and taking advantage of outgoing settlers to stir up strife in the town.

But, primarily, all these London merchants wished to secure returns from their investment, as a business matter.

These Adventurers, or stockholders in the colony, had sent in July, 1623, a little vessel, a pinnace, for the use of the settlement. It was the first ship "belonging to a New England port, the pioneer of our merchant marine," as Goodwin the historian says. But the *Little James* was an un-

lucky craft. Her first trading expedition was a failure, and returning to Plymouth she escaped complete wreck only by chopping down her mast to give the wind less hold, since she was dragging her anchors.

In March, 1624, having been refitted, she was sent northward to the fishing-grounds, whereupon such a storm arose "as was never seen before," Bradford writes; and she was driven against the rocks, "which beat such a hole in her bulk as a horse and cart might have gone in," and she sank, losing her captain and cargo, though the crew were saved. "And here," Bradford remarks in his history, "I must leave her to lie till afterward," and meanwhile he goes on to give the account of a great conspiracy against the rulers of Plymouth.

Into this we need not enter, seeing that it has little to do with Captain Standish except as one of the men in authority. In brief we may say that it was the attempt of a clerical scoundrel named Lyford and a hot-tempered scamp named Oldham to raise up factions against the Pilgrims both in Plymouth and among the Adventurers in England. Though the matter gave uneasiness for a time, it ended in a complete exposure of Lyford





THE PILGRIM, BY ST. GAUDENS

as a liar and criminal, and in the banishment of Oldham from Plymouth, he being made to run the gantlet between the colony's musketmen while each soldier whacked him with the butt of a musket.

It is likely that Standish saw this sentence executed, and no doubt enjoyed the duty, since he had been grossly abused by both the mischief-makers. For Oldham, when he had been called to take his turn as sentry or watchman, "refused to come, fell out with the Captain, called him rascal, and beggarly rascal, and resisted him, drew his knife at him; though he [the captain] offered him no wrong nor gave him no ill terms, but with all fairness required him to do his duty." Governor Bradford does not say who the "Captain" was, but that was the customary term for Standish.

Lyford, in writing secretly to England, tells his sympathizers that if a certain "Captain they spoke of" should come to Plymouth, he would be chosen captain; "for this Captain Standish looks like a silly boy, and is in utter contempt." This is a likely story, in view of Standish's exploits among the Indians!

As the trial of Lyford and Oldham required Standish's presence in the court, he undoubtedly

had both these incidents well impressed on his mind, and there is no doubt that the brave little soldier resented them, for tradition makes him of a fiery temper.

It would be well for readers who have imagined early life in Plymouth to have been a perpetual round of cheerful labor and psalm-singing, to read the full history of this conspiracy, and to learn with how much worldly wisdom the Pilgrim Fathers acted under most trying conditions. Both Oldham and Lyford, though not joining regularly with the colony, had been most hospitably welcomed and supported. They ate the bread of the Pilgrims while doing all in their power to undermine and ruin their hosts, and their overthrow and punishment was just and salutary.

Goodwin gives an excellent imaginary sketch of the trial in the "fort church," before Bradford and the council, Captain Standish commanding the guard of musketeers. The meeting-room is compared to the "between-decks" of a ship, being similarly built, and lighted by narrow windows; and the tramp of the sentinel on the roof above helps the resemblance.

The time of the year must have been in the late summer, for in September the *Little James*—

which had been raised and repaired — was made ready to return to London, and we are told that Lyford prepared a letter to go with her, repeating all his libels, and this in spite of the fact that he had wept and besought forgiveness for his treachery and wickedness. The pinnace reached England, and was seized for debt, becoming the property of Thomas Fletcher, one of the Adventurers. He sent her back to America with a large ship, to the fisheries off Cape Cod; and when they were ready to return, Captain Standish took passage in the larger vessel for England, being sent to buy out the rights of the Adventurers in Plymouth Colony.

The *Little James* was towed across the ocean, and then left to shift for herself in the English Channel; whereupon she was snapped up by a Barbary pirate, and she is heard of no more.

Standish being in the big vessel escaped capture and slavery, and went ashore, probably at old Plymouth, which he had left in the *Mayflower* a little over four years before. But meanwhile there had been a slight change in the administration of affairs in the colony. At the election in March, 1624 (or 1625, N. S.), the people wished Bradford to serve again. He thought it better that

there should be a change and advised that a council be appointed to help the chief officer, since the growth of Plymouth made the work burdensome. The council was appointed, and Captain Standish was one of the five members first chosen, showing that he was highly regarded in Plymouth, not only as a fighting man but as a wise ruler. Standish's errand to England, in the summer of 1625, is also a proof that he was trusted by the governor and his fellow-councilors.

He did not have much success in his mission, for his arrival was at a most unlucky time. There were many happenings in England that must have been intensely interesting to this visitor from the New World during his absence from Plymouth. King James had died in March, and Charles I had been married to Henrietta Maria by proxy, the queen arriving at Dover in June. Parliament, meeting in August, had adjourned from London to Oxford because of the plague, which so prevailed that over forty thousand deaths occurred in London.

The merchants had little inclination to transact business at such a time, and Standish could do no more than prepare the way for negotiations that were to succeed later, and secure a loan of

£150, paying 50 % interest! This he invested in goods for trading so far as he could, though Bradford notes that Standish "spent a good deal of it in expenses."

Then, after an absence of about five months, Standish shipped in one of the fishing-vessels that then made frequent voyages to the coast of Maine, and in April, 1626, news came to Plymouth that he had returned. Probably this news came either by an Indian runner, or by some of the fishing-vessels along Cape Cod. The governor sent a boat for him, and Captain Standish and his cargo were brought back to Plymouth.

We can imagine the eagerness with which his news of the old country was received, for he had much to tell. Those were stirring times in England, for King Charles and the Parliament were at the beginning of their long strife. The session that began June 18 at Westminster had been brought to an end by dissolution at Oxford on August 12, for "tardiness in granting supplies," but Standish could have but little sympathy with either party, since neither favored his friends.

Most interesting to the Pilgrims was the news of their own old home in Holland—the death of John Robinson their pastor, and also of Prince

Maurice, ruler of the Netherlands during their sojourn there. The plague had caused the deaths of many of their friends in both countries, and the depression in business had ruined others, so they had little reason to look to England or Holland for aid or for additional settlers to strengthen the colony. Indeed, it was a most favorable time for assuming the whole burden of the Plymouth settlement and cutting the bonds that united them to England.

After the death of John Robinson the congregation at Leyden gradually became more and more closely connected with their Dutch neighbors, and within a little over thirty years joined the Dutch church, thus proving what would have been the fate of the Pilgrims had they not emigrated. One by one the ties that had connected the Plymouth settlers with those left in the old countries were being snapped or were wearing away.

Some of the Adventurers even set themselves in opposition to the interests of Plymouth. For instance, in 1625, a ship sent out by some of "Lyford's and Oldham's friends," reached the fishing-grounds near Cape Ann before any of the vessels from Plymouth, and coolly took possession of a

fishing-stage that had been built there by the colonists the year before. When the colonists' fishermen attempted to claim their property, the others made ready their muskets and stood with lighted matches behind a barricade of barrels. Captain Standish wished to lead an attack against them, but others made a compromise, and all joined in building a new fishing-stage for the interlopers — who thus got what they wanted.

As this was before Standish's trip to England, it may have been one of the causes that made the Pilgrims eager to buy out the Adventurers, as a means of avoiding such conflicts of interests.

Where Standish, through no fault of his own, had failed, Allerton succeeded. He was sent during 1626, and made a bargain whereby the Adventurers were bought out on credit, and all responsibility for the colony was assumed by Bradford, Standish, Allerton, Winslow, Brewster, Holland, Alden, and Prence, who were to pay £1800 in instalments. Besides, there were certain other debts.

This money must be made by trading, and they took every opportunity to secure goods that would buy furs of the Indians.

To increase their commerce they cut one of



their boats in two and lengthened it, and also arranged a trade-route so that goods could be carried across from Plymouth to Buzzard's Bay, and thence all along the coast southward; thus making it unnecessary to round Cape Cod and the dangerous shoals on the seaward side.

Their diligence in business brought rivals to share their prosperous trade, for there were many small colonies and settlements springing up here and there, especially to the eastward where the fishing fleets resorted. Among others the Dutchmen at Manhattan sent an embassy and established a profitable commerce with the Plymouth authorities, under an agreement in which Captain Standish's name appears next to the governor's.

Many pages of Bradford's history are given up to the dry business details that have little interest to the general reader. Standish appears in these pages only as one of the managers of the colony, and a business man. But there is one incident that shows him still ready to take to his military methods when necessary.

A settlement had been made in Massachusetts at a place called Mount Wollaston, by a Captain Wollaston. This man became dissatisfied and transported most of his settlers to Virginia.

Those left behind came under the domination of an English lawyer named Morton, and called by Bradford "a kind of pettifogger of Furnivall's Inn." He induced the remnant of Wollaston's party to revolt and take matters into their own hands, after expelling Wollaston's lieutenant.

Just what Morton and his followers did we know only from Bradford's account; but if we may believe Bradford, Morton gathered together a worthless, rollicking, drunken mob, including Indian men and women, and gave themselves up to idleness and folly. Bradford tells of their changing the name of their settlement to Merry-mount, erecting a May-pole, and dancing about it in tipsy revelry. To make the matter worse, Morton's people sold firearms and powder and liquor to the Indians, though this had been strictly forbidden by the English government.

This could not be permitted, since the Indians needed little instruction to become as good or better marksmen than the white settlers, and had much more time to practise.

Besides, it was seen that Morton's Merrymount would become a sort of City of Refuge for runaways and vagabonds of all the neighboring places, and that with the Indians armed and Mor-

ton's crew ready to make mischief none of the smaller settlements would be safe from attack.

A meeting of the chief men of the "straggling plantations" was held, and the strong Plymouth colony was asked to interfere. Two letters sent to Morton were replied to with disdain and defiance. And when Governor Bradford ordered Captain Standish to take Morton by force, the captain marched upon Merrymount.

Morton was expecting them, and Standish found the building ready to stand a siege. The doors were fast, Morton's men armed, and powder and bullets laid out in dishes on the table. Bradford remarks that "if they had not been overarmed with drink, more hurt might have been done."

Summoned to yield, Morton replied with scoffs; but when they prepared to "do some violence to the house"—that is, to use a battering-ram against the door, probably,—the drunken garri-son came out threatening to shoot. Morton had a carbine "overcharged and almost half filled with powder and shot," and advanced boldly to shoot Standish. But Morton and his men were as overcharged with drink as were their guns with powder and ball, and "their pieces were too heavy for

them." They had relied too much on Dutch courage.

Captain Standish stepped close to Morton, pushed his carbine aside and arrested him. This was the end of the battle.

Only one man was wounded. One of the Merry-mountain warriors reeled and put his nose against an invader's sword as the fortress was entered; but this was the sole casualty on either side, and Captain Standish marched Morton to Plymouth, whence he was shipped to England at the first opportunity. And this was the end of the Merry-mountain revels, and also the end of what might have become a most serious menace to many of the colonists.

In reading of these exploits of the gallant little captain it must be seen that he was anything but a "fire-eating" warrior. He seems to have adapted himself with cool judgment to each emergency. The only bloodshed that can be laid to his charge was caused by the necessity of breaking up a serious Indian conspiracy. In such a situation anything but the sternest measures would have been criminal folly.

Where mere police action was called for, Captain Standish never proceeded to extremities.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DUXBURY IS SETTLED

WHILE it is pleasanter to take up all the circumstances having bearing upon the life of Standish in their proper order, yet some must be put aside once for all as trifling. The man Morton's career is one of this sort. He was defended in England by certain powerful friends, and so escaped punishment for his mischief at Merrymount; but the colonists felt that at least they were rid of him, especially when John Endicott of the Massachusetts colony cut down the May-pole.

But the bad penny came back. When Allerton returned from England to Plymouth, behind him came as his secretary the cheerful sinner Morton. There was a distinct lack of welcome, but no serious objection was made till Morton had proved himself still unreformed. Allerton dismissed him; Morton went back to Merrymount, and

quarreled with the Indians there. A warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder came from England, and then Morton's fate was soon settled.

Endicott arrested him, his property was sold to pay off the claims of creditors, and Morton was put into the stocks — a punishment that was much more severe than one might think.

But though again sent to England, his friends secured his acquittal, and Morton, in 1637, while in Amsterdam, amused himself by writing a foolish and abusive satire on the colonies, called "The New English Canaan." It is so plainly the work of a reckless liar that one is surprised to find some historians taking it seriously. Morton in this book nicknames Standish "Captain Shrimp," perhaps because he was small and had red hair.

One more note will end the story of Morton. In 1643 he came for a winter to Plymouth and annoyed Standish by fowling on the captain's farm; but soon after Morton went to Boston, was ordered to be punished for his lies about the colony, but was allowed to go away to Maine, where he died, leaving in history a frivolous immortality. But all this takes us ahead of our story, which now goes back some fifteen years to the events after the capture of Merrymount, to 1628.

Allerton was Elder Brewster's son-in-law, and had been respected; but his career as agent in England for the colonies was anything but creditable. He began to mix his own goods (brought without authority) with those of the colony, and usually managed to divide them up again so that the others got the worst of the bargain. Complaints were hushed up for some time, but after a while he was removed from his office and dis-trusted.

The arrival of colonists at about this time was rapid; Endicott came and began the settlement of Salem, and having much trouble with scurvy and other sicknesses was glad of the willing aid of the Plymouth surgeon, Dr. Fuller, who battled bravely with the diseases, and was thankfully referred to in a grateful letter wherein Endicott takes occasion also to recognize that the Pilgrims showed great liberality in church matters, saying that their "judgments of the outer form of God's worship" were "no other than is warranted by the evidences of truth, and the same which I have professed and maintained ever since the Lord in mercy revealed himself to me." This is important as showing that a member of the English Church found nothing essentially wrong in the practice



GOVERNOR JOHN ENDICOTT



of the Pilgrims' congregation. Indeed, it was only a few weeks before the Salem church was departing in certain proceedings farther from the English standard than the Pilgrims themselves—for they were ordaining their preachers without the assistance of bishops. But Standish played no part in church questions, so far as records tell.

A matter that was to concern him directly was the beginning of a new settlement on the north side of the bay—that is, the beginning of the town of Duxbury.

The Plymouth settlement was becoming too small. Now that there were many new-comers, and a great number of cattle, the small plots that had served their needs would no longer do. They must have bigger farms and good pasturage. The headland with its high hill that was so prominent an object to the north, was known to be fertile and well adapted for settlement. So during 1628 it was decided that some of the colonists—among whom were Standish, Elder Brewster, and John Alden—should spend the summer months there, returning to Plymouth for the winter, and also to attend church. During the next three years this arrangement seems to have been satisfactory, and the events of these years may be

somewhat briefly referred to, taking it for granted that, where nothing to the contrary is said, the life of those in Plymouth and the other settlements near Massachusetts Bay was that of farmers everywhere.

In 1629, then, an important event was the arrival of a regularly ordained clergyman who was looked upon by all as fully authorized to give the benefit of the Church sacraments, of which they had been deprived so many years; another was the sending of Allerton again to England, for though he was known to be careless, it was not yet thought he was unfaithful to his trust; and a third matter worthy to be mentioned is the coming of the *Mayflower* to Salem. The Plymouth people no doubt rejoiced to see their old ship again, especially as she now brought thirty-five new settlers from their old Dutch home, Leyden. These new-comers, and some who came the following year, had to be supported by the rulers of Plymouth, Standish among them. They were mainly poor working people, but it was not long before they were self-supporting, and greatly strengthened the colony.

The next year, 1630, Allerton was back again, with a patent to some land in Maine. This was

to be owned by the London partners, Allerton, and another ; and they had sent a trader named Ashley to begin traffic with the Indians. The Plymouth authorities were invited to help, which they were loath to do, since Ashley was a man of bad character. They therefore sent as a companion trader, Thomas Willett, a young merchant just from Leyden, to look after their interests. The English favored this post at the expense of Plymouth, and Ashley responded by sending all his profits abroad, making no returns to the American partners. But before many months Ashley was found to be unfaithful to his engagements, and for selling firearms to Indians was carried back to England, leaving Willett in charge—much to Plymouth's advantage.

This episode will show something of the practical business details that were now involved in the settlement of the coast. The hardships and difficulties still remain, but the period of romance and adventure seems over in this well-explored region, and has not begun in the unknown lands to the westward. At home in England the Parliament is making its long struggle against Charles I; in France is war against the Huguenots; in New Amsterdam, Wouter van Twiller is

governor; and settlements are taking place here and there throughout New England, too many to note briefly.

Meanwhile, Captain Standish's sword and



INSCRIPTION ON SWORD-BLADE

musket were on the hooks over his fireplace, and he was plowing, sowing, reaping, driving his cattle afield, and looking after his family like a good husband and husbandman, almost as if he were in an old civilized land, for the Indians had ceased for the time to give trouble to any but far outlying settlements.

Griffis in his little book on "The Pilgrims in

their Three Homes" has commented very shrewdly on the description of their cattle by the appearance rather than by names that the Plymouth folk "were such stalwart realists that they had apparently little sentiment in the giving of names except to their children"; and he argues, from the fact that many of the cattle were black and white, that most of their stock may have been Holsteins from Holland.

A matter that contributed much to prosperity in the New World was the adoption of wampum, or shell money, by the white men. Though made from a shell that was plentiful, the labor required to cut, polish, and pierce the wampum beads made them valuable; while their durability and general use as ornaments caused them to be so generally desired that it was not long after the white men used them that they were accepted everywhere in exchange.



SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH,  
OF ANCIENT PERSIAN  
MANUFACTURE (IN  
PILGRIM HALL)

The Dutch had learned to make this Indian currency better than the redmen themselves, and taught the Pilgrims to employ it in trade. The Dutchman De Rasieres, from New Amsterdam, taught the use of wampum to the Plymouth traders and sold them a supply, as he records in his own writings.

From the same author we learn that the great flood of emigration from the mismanaged realm of the Stuarts to the New World covered mainly the years 1628-1640, and that in these dozen years came more than arrived from 1640 down to the American Revolution; and that these people came from eastern England, "which having always been so close to the Continent was quick to respond to reformatory and civilizing movement." The beginning of the "Long Parliament" in 1640 marked the division between the two periods, and since the English Civil War was then about to break out, it is easy to see why the colonial emigration was suspended.

Bradford had received a new patent in 1630, giving him very full authority over the Plymouth territory, and the ceremony of taking legal possession was to be performed in the old English fashion — by the plucking and handing over of a

bit of twig and turf. Captain Standish was to officiate as representative of the English Council, but for some unknown reason John Alden took his place. One more happening in which Standish appears is recorded in 1630, for it is said he was in charge of a shallop that conveyed two passengers to Boston from a storm-tossed vessel that had come into Plymouth; and when Winthrop the governor refused to receive them, Standish conveyed them to the ever hospitable Plymouth. The whole number of passengers by this vessel, the *Handmaid*, was sixty, and the little town was becoming ever more crowded.

John Billington, always a troublesome citizen, was in 1630 convicted of murder, and executed; and one is glad that there is no record stating that Captain Standish carried out the sentence of the law, though as the military chief it would seem that he would be called upon. This is the last event with which he may have been concerned before he removed from the older town, and settled permanently in Duxbury, for it is supposed that he made the change about the year 1631.

We shall still find some few events to connect the doughty captain with the Plymouth people, but his removal to Duxbury was final, and the his-

tory of that town begins with the arrival of Standish, Brewster, John Alden, and Prence, with their families. Arrangements were made that the old colony should not suffer too much by their absence. In April, 1632, the four men named set their signatures to a paper promising to attend church in Plymouth, and we also find Myles Standish appointed one of a committee to fix boundaries between the two settlements, which shows them to have been considered separated.

The committee performed its duty, and then later resolved to refer the matter to the churches of the two towns; and nothing definite resulted until some eight years later, when bounds were finally set off by men from both Plymouth and Duxbury, Winslow (then governor) and Standish being the best known of the two parties.

The promontory where the new settlement was made was a fertile spot of several hundred acres from which the "Captain's Hill," as it was called later, rose nearly two hundred feet, affording a wide-reaching view of the harbor and all the neighboring shores. At the time of the first settlement the place was thickly wooded, the shore was more extensive, and the whole surface of the ground some inches lower than now; for the shore





CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY, SHOWING THE STANDISH MONUMENT

has been washed away, the trees cut down or burned, and the surface has been raised.

Standish's house, built on a foundation of stone set in mortar made from burned shells, was constructed of logs, and thatched. Not far away on the same neck of land was the similar dwelling of Brewster. As one faced the bay, standing on Captain's Hill, Plymouth was not far away on the right, Manomet directly in front, Clark's Island and Gurnet Head to the left. Sea-fowl in plenty soared about the bay, and near the shore almost in a line with Manomet was the site of Standish's home—whence, says Bartlett in his "Pilgrim Fathers," the old warrior "could more easily jump into a boat and run across to his brethren in Plymouth" if attacked by Indians coming through the forest behind.

Not far from Standish's house was a small spring, which probably determined the location of his home, for that stood only a few paces higher up the hillside—on a spot that must have seemed to Standish and his family a much more desirable location than that in Plymouth.

"There were then some sixteen settlements on the shores of Massachusetts Bay," to quote from "The Beginners of a Nation," by Edward Eggle-

ston, "with an indefinite stretch of gloomy wilderness for background, the dwelling-place of countless savages and wild beasts. The population of all the settlements may have summed up five thousand people — enough to make one prosperous village." And these differed in dialect, dress, and religious views. They had little news of the outer world, and were thus the more deeply interested in all local happenings, especially in everything that bore upon the religious questions of the time; for in that day most educated or clever men were profoundly concerned with whatever related to church or theology, and ready to discuss every nice point with their equally eager neighbors.

These people had left England and the other old countries precisely for the reason that they had no such freedom to seek out the truth, and here, where there was no authority to forbid discussion, it may be imagined with what zest and gusto the debates went on.

Captain Standish seems to have kept carefully aloof from all such matters, and has succeeded in leaving us all in the dark as to his own opinions. May it not be that his withdrawal to Duxbury just when these disputes were most in vogue was

a seeking for peace from the strife of tongues? At all events, we find Standish ever prominent in all practical matters, whether in warfare, or in the walks of commerce, while there is never any sign of the captain's taking part in the many controversies that fill so large a part of Bradford's journal.

That a man of such character could for years retain his place among the authorities of Plymouth is a proof that the Pilgrims rated their citizens by other standards than those of religious tests, and interfered with no man who respected others' rights.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LAST DAYS AT DUXBURY

IT might be said that the position attained by Standish among the Pilgrims, although he was not one with them in belief, was due rather to his own qualities than to any liberality of views on their part. But more than a few occurrences testify that the Plymouth colony was most hospitable to all men of good will whatever their opinions.

Roger Williams, for example, after staying for a time among the Boston settlers and finding their church ways not satisfactory, went to Salem without being better pleased, and at length tried Plymouth, where he was able to live for two years. Certainly Roger Williams will not be accused of suppressing his views for fear of displeasing his neighbors.

We know also that Plymouth was often a place of refuge for those who fled from the Massachu-

setts Bay colony, for just about the time of Standish's removal to Duxbury, we find his name signed to a letter on this subject. The authorities at Plymouth had evidently been called upon to surrender some of these fugitives, for their letter is an excuse for not doing so. It has been pointed out that the date of the "excuse" shows that six months passed before Bradford, Standish and three others found time to reply to their Massachusetts brethren, and the tone of their letter is cool and sarcastic, as if they thought the whole proceeding a tempest in a Puritan teapot.

Besides still mingling in state affairs, Captain Myles, though now approaching fifty years of age, was not yet suffered to keep his snaphance above the chimney-shelf at Duxbury. Hardly had he settled in the new community, named for one of the old family seats of the Standish family in England, than old Massasoit was attacked by the Narragansetts and driven to take refuge with a few of his tribe at Sowams, where he was besieged by a large number of enemies, and had only the help of a garrison of four white men to hold out against them. But one of these four was Captain Myles Standish, and their little stronghold—probably a log-cabin, for Sowams was a Pil-

grim trading-post—held out until aid could be summoned from the colony at Massachusetts Bay, which sent nearly thirty pounds of gunpowder to relieve the garrison.

It may be noted that John Winthrop was called to account afterward for “disposing of gunpowder to another colony,” although the powder was his own private property.

The Narragansetts were soon after called home to defend their own land from the fierce Pequods, but they must have made up their quarrels, for Standish suspected them of making an alliance against some enemy, and he notified John Winthrop in order that the whites might be prepared for an attack. But neither the colonists nor Massasoit's tribe were molested.

In 1634 we meet Standish's name as a commissioner to lay out highways, for there were now so many settlers near Duxbury and Plymouth, and so many animals, that the mere footpaths no longer served the people's need. In fact, the whole neighborhood and coast was becoming so thickly settled that the chronicles of the time begin to be very like those of any country district. There was a regular militia, however, of musketeers, each of whom was to be provided with a

fixed quantity of powder and bullets in case of an Indian attack; and Captain Standish and another were paid a fixed salary of £20 a year to teach the people of Plymouth and Duxbury the elements of military tactics.

But though there was one alarm that caused a committee to be appointed to raise forces against the Pequods, and Standish is named among the eight committee men, he never served again in the field. We know that he retained his leadership for he is named in the records as commander and as member of the Council of War, and also appears as one of the officers charged with forming a defensive union of the towns.

Something of the growth of Duxbury may be argued from the requirement that upon an alarm—the signal of which was to be the lighting of a beacon prepared upon the Captain's Hill—Plymouth and Duxbury were each to furnish the same number, twenty men for immediate service, showing that the new colony was not far from the old in number of available musketmen.

Between Plymouth and Duxbury runs a river named because of the fertile shores, Green River, which became changed in course of time and carelessness Green's River; and here too a settlement



began, as was natural because of the watercourse and of the position between two settlements. Edward Winslow removed to this place, and it became the beginning of Marshfield. All these new settlements seemed to good Governor Bradford a grievous mistake, and in his journal he breaks forth into lamentation over the first scattering of the people, saying, "And this, I fear, will be the ruin of New England—at least of the churches of God there, and will provoke the Lord's displeasure against them."

One would like to bring the old Pilgrim back to earth and take him from New York to San Francisco and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico that he might in some measure realize the growth of the nation whose first feeble shoots he tended. One could hardly wish for a pleasanter traveling companion, if one may judge of him by his "History of Plymouth Plantation."

About 1634 Bradford's History tells of a quarrel over trading rights on the Kennebec, in which an interloper named Hocking shot one of the Plymouth colony agents who tried to remove him, and was shot in revenge. Misunderstanding this matter, the Massachusetts Bay authorities arrested John Alden, and Captain Standish was

sent to carry letters explaining the whole affair. Alden was set free, and a sort of letter of apology written by Governor Thomas Dudley, who bound Standish to appear in court for the purpose of exhibiting the legal documents proving Plymouth's title to the trading-post. Standish, as we learn from Governor Dudley's letter, carried out his instructions boldly, insisting that the whole affair be brought out in open court, so that Plymouth's course should be justified. On another occasion one of the Plymouth vessels was seized by one Captain Stone, and Standish again appeared in court to prosecute the offender for piracy—a task which failed only by the unfairness of the Boston authorities.

In 1635 arrived at Plymouth the merchant Willett, who had been in charge of a trading-post on the Penobscot at Castine. Willett told how he had been dispossessed by the Canadians, and an expedition was ordered to regain the post. Captain Standish with seven hundred pounds of beaver-skins was sent to pilot the ship *Good Hope*, commanded by a Captain Girling, who had agreed for the beaver-skins to recapture the Plymouth station.

Girling began to bombard the post as soon as it

came within sight, and when well within range, found that all his powder was gone. Captain Standish went back to Pemaquid for more powder, but after delivering it, sailed away; for he had been warned that Girling, without carrying out the contract, would take the skins by force.

Girling then abandoned the attack and the Canadians retained the post. Plymouth begged the Boston colony to help retake it, but Boston refused, preferring to trade with the Canadians—which looks like jealousy of the older colony. Probably Standish acted wisely, for there is no hint of any blame attaching to him.

This apparent jealousy between Boston and Plymouth finds confirmation in many other happenings recorded by Bradford, but they do not concern Standish personally. He seems to have devoted himself to his home affairs at Duxbury. We find him appointed at one time to report upon the proper site for a mill, at another to see that a bridge over Jones River was repaired—a matter he may have neglected as it was noted as being rickety some three years later. He appears as general-in-chief and commissary over all companies of militia, and is appealed to in all matters of diplomacy as of old. But his really active life

as a pioneer and settler has come to an end, since the communities about him are settled and there are active young men in plenty to take up the duties that once fell upon him. In his household overlooking the bay he has settled down as one of the elders of the land, only to be called upon for counsel in times requiring his experience and wisdom,—as a man “of whose approved fidelity and ability we have had long experience” as one of the colonial documents puts it.

We know also that Standish was not without some skill in medicine and frequently used that skill for the benefit of his neighbors. He acted as town treasurer and, in short, served on all occasions when the public welfare required his efforts.

Of his home life in these quieter years we obtain some hints from the list of his possessions as given in the inventory of his property made at his death. He was the proprietor of a fine estate in land besides his house and its farm. He owned much stock, five horses, with two saddles, a bridle and a pillion. He had fourteen head of cattle, a flock of sheep and a herd of swine.

His armory, as was natural in an old soldier, was well filled, comprising three muskets, four carbines, and three other guns, a sword, a cutlas,

and three belts. And the household furniture was ample for the time — including, we may note, two spinning-wheels and a warming-pan.

So in the kitchen department we find everything for comfort, and need only specify as characteristic of the time the “12 trenchers” that then served for plates, the three beer-casks and malt-mill that prove home brewing, and the churn. There is no doubt that tobacco-smoking may have been enjoyed either by the captain or by the old Indian Hobomuk, who was a member of the family until his death in 1642.



POT AND PLATTER OF MYLES STANDISH  
(NOW IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH)

As to literature, Standish's library speaks well of his taste. He had several books on history, many on theological subjects, besides three Bibles, a Testament and Psalm-book. He had Cæsar's "Commentaries," Homer's "Iliad," and a text-book on artillery, besides a volume rare in those days—a dictionary. Altogether it was a collection of books that could not have been equaled in the home of many more renowned for learning. It seems curious that a man so fond of reading should not have left more writing, for, to judge by his signature, his hand was not unaccustomed to the pen.

There existed for some years after Captain Standish's death his armor, which consisted of a helmet and breastplate, besides a coat of mail made of cloth interwoven with wire, but this has long since disappeared.

Captain Standish died on October 3, 1656, according to most of the authorities, though a footnote in Bradford's History makes the date 1655. He left surviving him his second wife, Barbara, and her four sons, two other children, a son and daughter, having died before him. There is a reputed portrait, but it is of very doubtful authenticity. The four sons who outlived him have had

numerous descendants, of whom something will be said in the final chapter.

Of personal relics we have only a few. Three of these are very appropriate memorials of the New England Generalissimo and Commissary, for they consist of his sword and a large kettle and dish. Bartlett in his "Pilgrim Fathers" says that on the back of the weapon is an inscription in Arabic indicating that it is a Damascus blade such as was once so renowned in romance. The same volume gives a picture of a sampler worked by the daughter "Lora" (Laura?) Standish who died before her father. Upon this are worked these words:

LORA Standish is my name
Lord Guide my heart that I may do thy will. Also fill my hands with such convenient skill as may conduce to virtue void of shame, and I will give the glory to thy name.

The last paragraph of Myles Standish's will testifies to his love for this daughter, for it says, "If I die in Duxburrow my body [is] to be laid

as near as convenient to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish my daughter-in-law."

Until 1887 there was no knowledge of the place of Standish's burial, but then it was learned from "a once wealthy shipbuilder of Duxbury" who "died in the Almshouse" that Standish's grave was in the old cemetery at South Duxbury; and a memorandum to that effect was found. The grave was marked by two pyramidal stones, one at each end, and two depressions near seem to indicate the burying-places of the daughter and daughter-in-law.

About 1829 the Reverend Benjamin Kent of Duxbury dug upon the site of Standish's house and was rewarded by finding the foundations, and in the cellar the remains of some barley wrapped in a blanket. The ground yielded also remnants of farming tools, fragments of pottery, and a few tobacco-pipes. More interesting still was the finding of an old tomahawk, that no doubt belonged to Hobomuk, Standish's Indian friend and pensioner. A leaden weight such as used by storekeepers probably belonged to Alexander Standish the son, who kept a store in an addition built on to the old house in later years.



Goodwin rightly says, "No portion of Pilgrim history is more romantic than the part taken in it by Myles Standish." That this officer, at the age of thirty-six, should without any strong religious motive (so far as is known) give up his career and ally himself with the desperate fortunes of these emigrants is hard to understand. It may have been due to the influence of that young wife of whom nothing is known save that her name was Rose and that she and her sister came from the Isle of Man. It seems a pity that the only tradition in connection with him should be that trifling one about Priscilla Mullins and John Alden, and it is to be hoped that historians will see to it that this story, like that about Captain Smith and Pocahontas, should not be allowed to remain in the minds of young American readers while the really important facts about these two brave, honorable, and forceful men are forgotten.

Standish, at least, left descendants who owe him the duty of keeping alive the memory of his invaluable services to the cause he championed. The great monument erected to his memory on Captain's Hill is not enough if it serve only to remind Americans that Priscilla Mullins is said to have found a younger wooer more attractive.

## CHAPTER XV

### CONCLUSION

THE four sons of Myles and Barbara Standish were named Alexander, Myles, Josiah, and Charles, the last-named dying young without descendants. Alexander, the eldest, came into possession of the homestead and lived there, keeping a store in an addition built by himself. He was twice married; to Sarah Alden, daughter of John Alden, and to Priscilla, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. These daughters married into the Delano and Sampson families. From Alexander, Myles's sword is believed to have descended from father to son through several generations—first to Ebenezer, then to Moses, and then to Captain John Standish. This great-great-grandson lent the sword to a neighbor, but the one now in the Massachusetts Historical Society Library is believed to be the heirloom.

Myles, the second son, married Sarah Winslow,

and Captain Josiah was the husband of the daughter-in-law already referred to in the old captain's will. But there are so many descendants that a large book might be filled with the names and achievements of the Standishes, and there is no space here to say more than a word in praise of this sturdy colonial family, as a typical line of the old New England stock.

The general life of the times during which Myles Standish passed his days has been touched upon here and there in the course of the story of his own life. But the modern reader should be reminded of a few things, familiar to-day which were nearly unknown to these early settlers. For more than a generation after Standish's death, coffee and tea were not to be had in the colonies, chinaware was almost absent, being replaced in daily use by such wooden trenchers as were named in the list of his property and by pewter in the homes of the most luxurious. Glass windows had not yet come, and the colonists used paper, greased to make it admit more light. Tobacco was early in use, but was rarely smoked out of doors, and while beer was a common drink, temperance was urged in the use of all liquors. Food was, as we have seen, at times abundant ; but

at other times even the greatest of the colonists lived upon the coarsest fare. Potatoes were not known; peas and beans, pumpkins, turnips, onions were raised and much used. Fish soon became abundant, but, as in all small communities, fresh meat was something of a luxury, except for a part of the year — being salted for keeping.

Their costume hardly needs description, having been made well known by the many pictures of the times, and not being regulated in Plymouth by any annoying laws, which apparently were not considered necessary in a community where public opinion was so strongly in favor of simplicity, and where there were none who could excite envy by the display of wealth.

Eggleston in his "Beginners of a Nation" quotes an old English saying that "A barren country is a great whet to the industry of a people," and there is no doubt that the hard work made necessary by the life of the Pilgrims in the New World had much to do with making them the sturdy forefathers of an enterprising race. The part played by Myles Standish in their development was largely that of a protector. He supplied the militant element necessary to defend them from interference by the Indians or by other

colonists; and it is seen in his career that he was always their executive when practical measures were demanded. Governor Bradford, in the same way, came forward in all matters of internal administration, Edward Winslow in dealings with matters of external diplomacy.

Each of these men supplied an element lacking in the others, and together they formed a triumvirate well able to conduct the Plymouth polity — at home or abroad. That there is no trace of any friction among them speaks emphatically as to the fine character of these three leaders in the New World; and to them must be added John Robinson if we wish to include the men to whom primarily the firm founding of New England was due. From Robinson's counsels came the wise spirit of toleration, of liberality, of fair-mindedness which can be denied to Plymouth's settlers by no careful reader of their history. That they came into the wilderness to worship God in their own way is true enough, but it is not more than half the truth. They came also that their children might grow up English rather than Dutch, and that they might not see their English blood diluted by foreign intermarriage and so lost.

That they abandoned some of the English in-

stitutions seems to have come about more from force of circumstance than from desire for change. They had no wild theories in which they persisted in spite of common-sense and sound reason, and it may be asserted that if they had not been persecuted out of England they would have remained loyal citizens to the end, asking no more liberty than has been enjoyed by many a home-keeping undistinguished English family. Driven abroad, they became loyal Americans, as they and their descendants ever remained, and were lost among the great multitude only because in course of time their beliefs and their ideals became those of their neighbors.

In order to strengthen this impression that we should have found the Pilgrim Fathers men much like those of our own day we must be sure that we rid our minds of the mistaken notions with which a mistaken romance has connected them. After we have a secure grasp of the facts of their history, it will be time enough to seek by the aid of imagination an embellishing of the truth.

Longfellow's poem is perhaps the chief of sinners. To begin with, the basis of the legend seems lacking. Goodwin, the careful author of "The Pilgrim Republic," believes it likely that John

Alden remained at Plymouth when others (hired as he had been) returned to England, because of his attraction to Priscilla Mullins.

We may therefore well doubt whether the first suggestion of seeking her hand came from Priscilla herself. "Standish," Goodwin says, "was of twice Priscilla's age, and Alden was to him as a son" and lived with him. "Standish's second wife seems to have been sent for not less than a year before Priscilla's marriage, for she arrived by the *Anne* in 1623, and was married so promptly that she had lost her maiden name at the ensuing land-division. There is little reason for supposing that she was not the first and only person thought of as her sister's successor."

As to the details in the poem itself, some facts have been cited to prove many of them impossible, such as the absence of cattle and the smallness of the settlement, which disprove the wedding-trip on the back of the great white bull in scarlet housings. But worst of all, is the wrong atmosphere. Plymouth in the early days was a rough settlement, busy with the every-day fight for an existence, and content with the merest necessities. Poetical sentiment is notably absent from the writings of all the men who handed down chroni-



PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH, FILLED WITH PILGRIM RELICS



cles of the time if we except that picturesque liar, Morton of Merrymount. If John Alden had been the sort of man described by Longfellow, he would not have been so soon invited to the prominent places he filled in colonial affairs.

A critical reading of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with due regard to the historic facts, will convince any one that the poem has no claim to be considered other than a pleasant little fairy-story, and as an entirely misleading sketch of men and matters in old Plymouth.

Another poem that introduces Standish in its plan is James Russell Lowell's "An Interview with Miles Standish." One cannot take these lines so seriously since they are avowedly merely a dream, and a vehicle for satire; but even here Captain Standish is not such as he was in reality, for he is brought in as a Puritan, whereas he was a man of another stamp altogether — less narrow, more catholic, and not so conceited in his own opinion. The distinction between the Puritan colonists at Massachusetts Bay and the Pilgrims at Plymouth can hardly be too much insisted upon, for the more carefully the two are studied the more plainly the differences appear.

It is not to be too critical to make objection to

these poems. They foster wrong ideas of the colonial leaders and cause us to underrate them, and they are read by thousands who never give an hour to serious study of the authentic records where alone is to be found the truth about such notable men as the old Puritan captain, Myles Standish. Yet these men have a right to be truthfully represented to their posterity, and not caricatured in unfounded and misleading fables.

There are certain books available to any reader who wishes to have a just estimate of the purposes, characters, and work of the men of Plymouth. Most important of all is Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," printed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This covers the history of the colony from the beginning to the year 1647, and gives the unadorned truth of all happenings as seen by an honest observer who was a great part of the history he writes. The story of the manuscript, of its loss and recovery, is one of the little romances of historical records, and that story is charmingly told in the Address of Senator Hoar prefixed to the printed volume. He tells us that Bradford's History was known to exist because quotations from it were made by old historians of the colony, but

that after 1767 it had disappeared, and was considered lost. But in 1844 certain passages in an English book were recognized as being taken from Bradford, and investigation traced the missing manuscript to the library of the Bishop of London, from which after a long negotiation it was returned to America.

With Bradford's account must be compared "Mourt's Relation," where we obtain the story as written by Edward Winslow, and also, for certain episodes, Thomas Morton's satire "The New English Canaan," which, though entirely unreliable, serves to confirm in a way the events it distorts. In these books we may see the minute details so far as they have been preserved.

But in order that we may understand the wider significance of the movement that produced New England, we should read John Fiske's study "The Beginnings of New England" and learn that Plymouth owed its founding to motives the roots of which may be traced more widely than to England and to Holland. For Fiske is of the modern school of historians who believe that no period can be understood without a knowledge of those that precede it. His book is also valuable because of

the bibliographical note at the end, giving a list of the best works on the whole subject.

Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic" is an attempt to bring together all available material and to weave it into a connected story, and a similar work is done for young people in "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes" by William E. Griffis. To these should be added at least a reading of that very honest work "The Beginners of a Nation," by Edward Eggleston, although the reader would do well to remember that the author does not hesitate to draw his own conclusions and to express them strongly. Bartlett's "Pilgrim Fathers" will be found to give very vivid accounts of the localities connected with the Plymouth company both in their old homes and in their new, and it is excellently illustrated.

All this concerns Standish especially; for while we have many of the actual written words of his companions,—of Bradford, of Winslow, of Robinson,—the brave little captain can be found only as he is reflected in the history of his times. From his own pen we have only a few business memoranda, a few signatures to documents, and his will. We must reconstruct his character entirely from his acts and from the accounts of others, and

to know him truthfully we must know them thoroughly, and draw from them by fair inference the probable truth, for the captain himself stands hardly less mute in history than his statue on top of its lofty column in Duxbury.

The fame of Standish as "the first commissioned military officer of New England" may well be joined with that of the first admiral, John Smith. Both belonged to the days of beginnings; both may justly be regarded as the practical men who made real the dreams of their fellows; both have received less than their share of credit for the planting of the English race in America; both are slowly coming into their fair portion of fame. Captain Smith was fortunate in being able to celebrate with his pen the victories of his sword, but Myles Standish seems entirely careless of what subsequent ages might think of him, so long as he is permitted to sleep on in his grave beside his loved daughters.

There is something in the character of the brave little captain, in his absolute modesty, his silent efficiency, that makes one long to champion his cause. Whatever other military equipments he brought from the old country, he certainly never thought of providing a trumpet through

which to announce his valorous deeds to future ages. And yet I hope I have been able to remind the reader that Standish was never lacking in any of the qualities of a wise and skilful soldier, a brave and generous warrior, a loyal and efficient member of the Plymouth company.

Especially was Standish noted for his knowledge of the Indian language, and his shrewdness in dealing with the natives. He had no little medical skill, and was of undoubted probity. He was a man of excellent family, of literary tastes, no bigot nor sectary, a faithful friend, a good husband and father, an upright gentleman. "For Standish," Goodwin justly says, "no work was too difficult or dangerous, none too humble or disagreeable. As captain and magistrate, as engineer and explorer, as interpreter and merchant, as a tender nurse in pestilence, a physician at all times, and as the Cincinnatus of his colony, he showed a wonderful versatility of talent and the highest nobility of character."

No careful student of Myles Standish's biography can assert that this praise is overdrawn; and it may well be asked what better type of the American ideal of manhood can be found.

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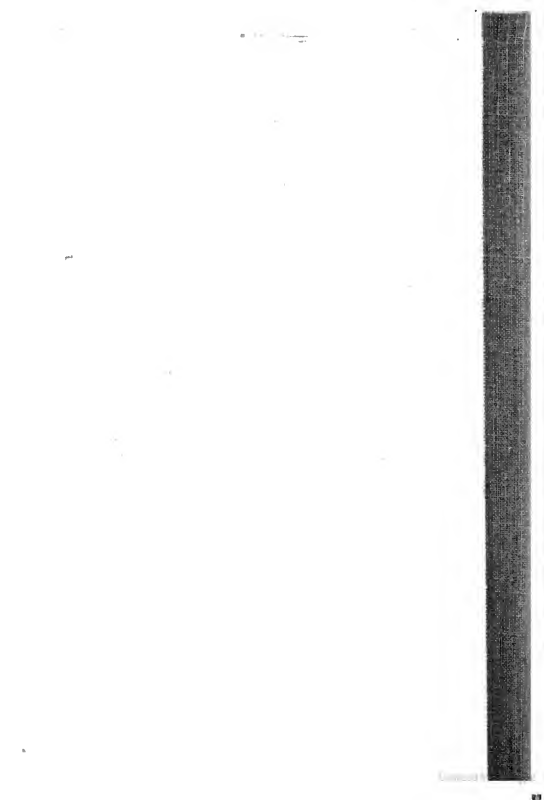
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